JANUARY 1973

Saturday Review

ONE DOLLAR

EDUCATION

Up Against the Money Wall

All About the Game Game

Father and Son: Learning Life From Life

ON SALE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 9

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Saturday Review of Education

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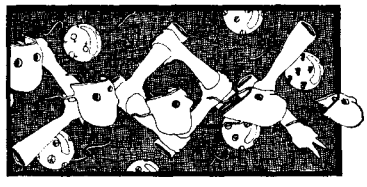

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SATURDAY REVIEW EDUCATION is published monthly at $12 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Application to mail at second-class postal rates is pending at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 50. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to: Subscription Department, Saturday Review, Box 2043, Rock Island, Illinois 61207.

Saturday Review, Inc., publishes a family of four monthly magazines—Saturday Review The Arts, Saturday Review Education, Saturday Review The Society, Saturday Review Science. Each of these special-interest magazines is available separately at $12 for one year, or all four may be purchased at the combined price of $24 per year.

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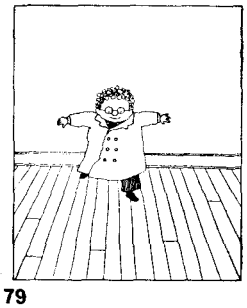

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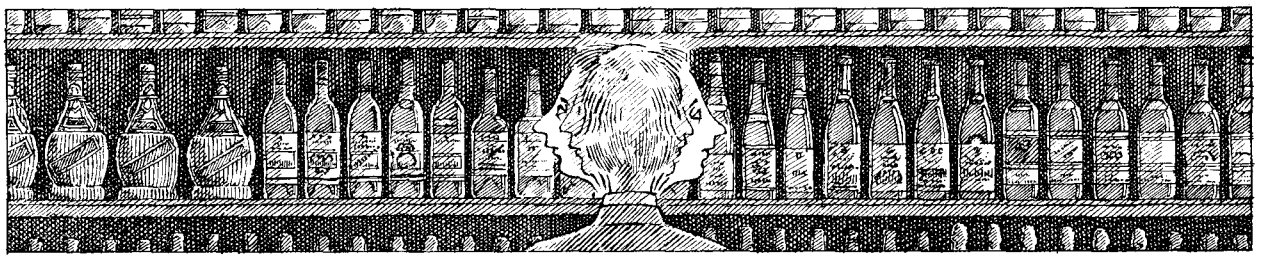
IF YOU FEEL LOST IN A WINE STORE, HERE'S HOW TO FIND YOURSELF.



The difficult thing about buying wine is that there are so many wines to buy.

On the one hand, we're fortunate that there are so many good wines from which to choose.

On the other, the over 500 different kinds of wine, and the hundreds of different brands of each, domestic and imported, make the task of learning about wine almost impossible. Most people throw up their hands when confronted with so many choices and just grab a bottle because they like the label.

We at Inglenook Vineyards realize it's impossible to make a wine expert of you in one ad. But we can give you some pointers and a basic starting point, so that you'll have a better idea of how to go about buying wine.

TIP NO. 1: START SOMEWHERE.

First off, you need a starting point. You should become thoroughly familiar with four or five wines. Then when you try new wines, you'll have a basis for comparison.

We've arbitrarily listed five wines below which we feel are a good place to start. They're not the final answer, of course, because there is none. But they do represent five totally different, easy to distinguish tastes.

FIVE BASIC TASTES TO START WITH.

Name	Color	Taste
Pinot Chardonnay	White	Dry
Sylvaner Riesling	White	Semi-Dry
Charbono	Red	Dry
Gamay Beaujolais	Red	Semi-Dry
Gamay Rosé	Rosé	Dry

TIP NO. 2: BE HUMBLE.

When you go to buy these wines, don't be afraid to admit you're not the world's foremost expert on wine. There are so many wines, and vintages, and so forth that it's safe to say that *nobody* is the world's foremost expert on wine. So get all the help you can.

There is usually one person in every wine store who knows more than you do—the manager. Get his opinions on vintages, vintners, and the like. But make sure he drinks and enjoys wine regularly himself. If this is the case, you've chosen the right store, and found someone who can save you years of fiddling around in the dark.

TIP NO. 3: READ THE LABEL.

The better wines are generally produced and bottled solely at the winery.

This insures almost total control of a wine's production by the vintner. So look for the words "Produced and Bottled by." In French, these words read, "mis en bouteilles au chateau" and in German the term is "Original Abfullung." Otherwise the wine could have been made in one place, blended in another, and aged in still another.

Even better are the words, "Estate Bottled." This means that the grapes were grown under control of the vintner and in the vicinity of the vintner's chateau or estate. Only a few American wines bear this marking, and finding one in a wine store is a good way to find yourself.

Which leads us to Inglenook.

TIP NO. 4: SPEND MONEY.

Unfortunately, the age old saying "you get what you pay for" is generally true when it comes to wine.

Meticulous tending of grapes and vines costs money, vintaging costs more money, and estate bottling costs even more.

And even though we all know someone who picked up a bottle of 99¢ imported wine and raved about it for years, you have to write it off to chance. For it just isn't possible to consistently produce great wine at a low cost.

Inglenook Estate Bottled wine is the most expensive wine made in America.

It comes from the Napa Valley, it's all vintage dated, and it's all produced and bottled by us.

So the next time you get that old lost feeling when buying wine, let Inglenook be your guide.

ESTATE BOTTLED

Inglenook

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1969

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

This ad is one of a series. If you'd like copies of the other ads, send your name and address to The Cellarmaster, Box I, Inglenook Vineyards, Rutherford, CA 94573.

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(Advertisement)

"Fashion is spinach," someone once wrote, and perhaps in this era of jeans and jangles, high fashion is in a bit of an eclipse. But to mention Balenciaga and Balmain or Chanel still provokes a special resonance and the Paris openings continue to exert a special mystique. Paris has always been the fashion center of the world with its fabled designers and great houses of couture. And now we have a handsome book about those houses and the men and women who made them great.

The book is called COUTURE. Its editor, Ruth Lynam, has gathered together a dozen writers and observers of high fashion who have contributed chapters on the charismatic greats of the business: Chanel, Dior, Fath; the space-age designers: Courrèges, Ungaro, Cardin; and all the other important names in fashion. COUTURE re-creates the hectic, glamorous world of the salons—the opening night ambiance, the temperament, the hysteria and the triumphs. It tells how Christian Dior devised his legendary "new look," chronicles the rise and fall again of Yves St. Laurent; discusses the customers—the Duchess of Windsor, Catherine Deneuve, Jacqueline Onassis—whose purchases can make or break a season.

COUTURE is a large, handsome, lavishly illustrated book that looks every bit as elegant as its subject. It is an instructive book, too. Christian Dior put it this way: "Fashion is one of the last repositories of the marvelous. The maintenance in the tradition of fashion is in the nature of an act of faith; the outward sign of an ancient civilization that intends to survive."

In other words, not exactly spinach.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

COUTURE ($19.95 pre-Christmas; $25.00 post-Christmas), edited by Ruth Lynam, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at The Fashion Center, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

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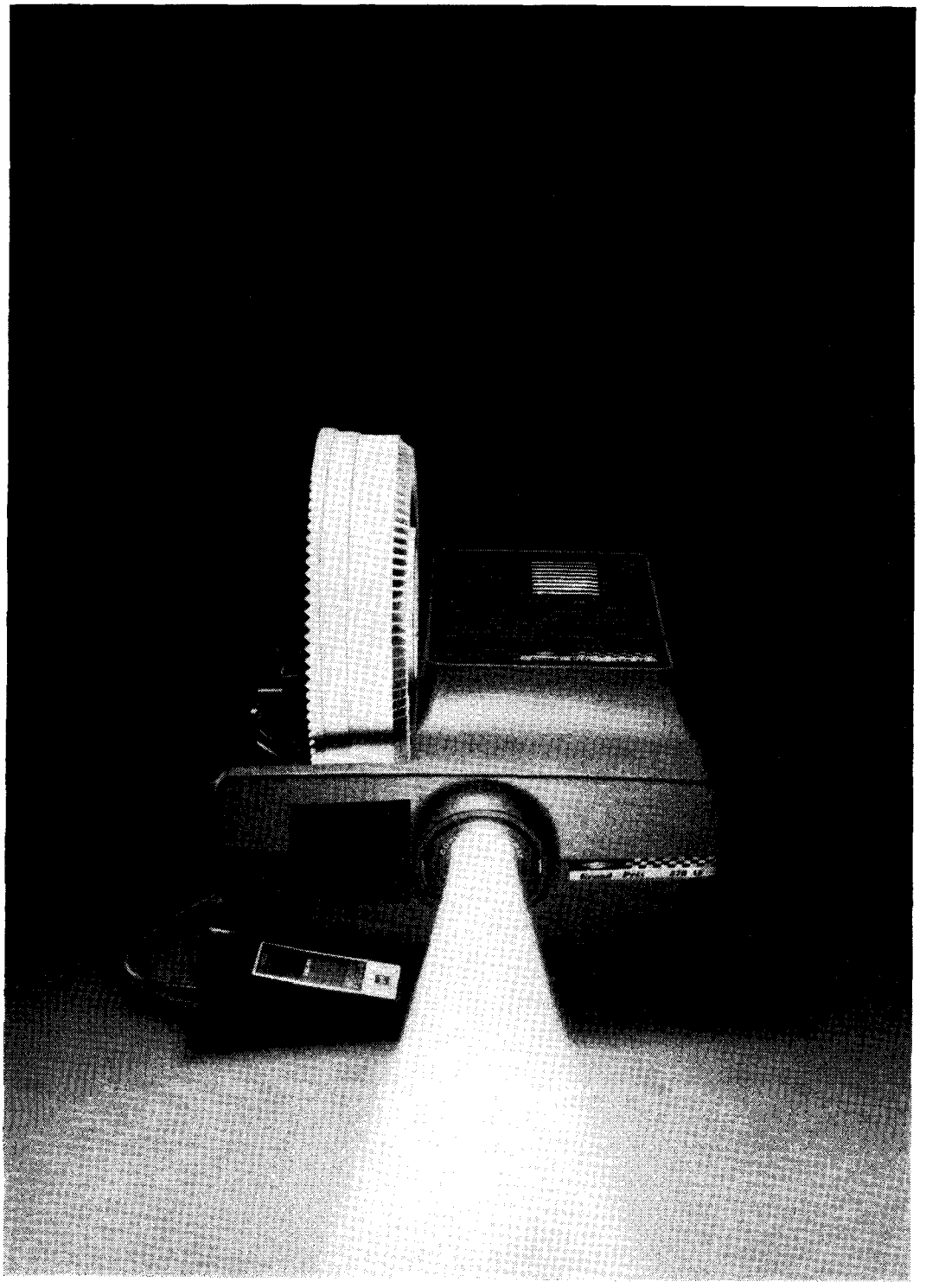

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SR UP FRONT

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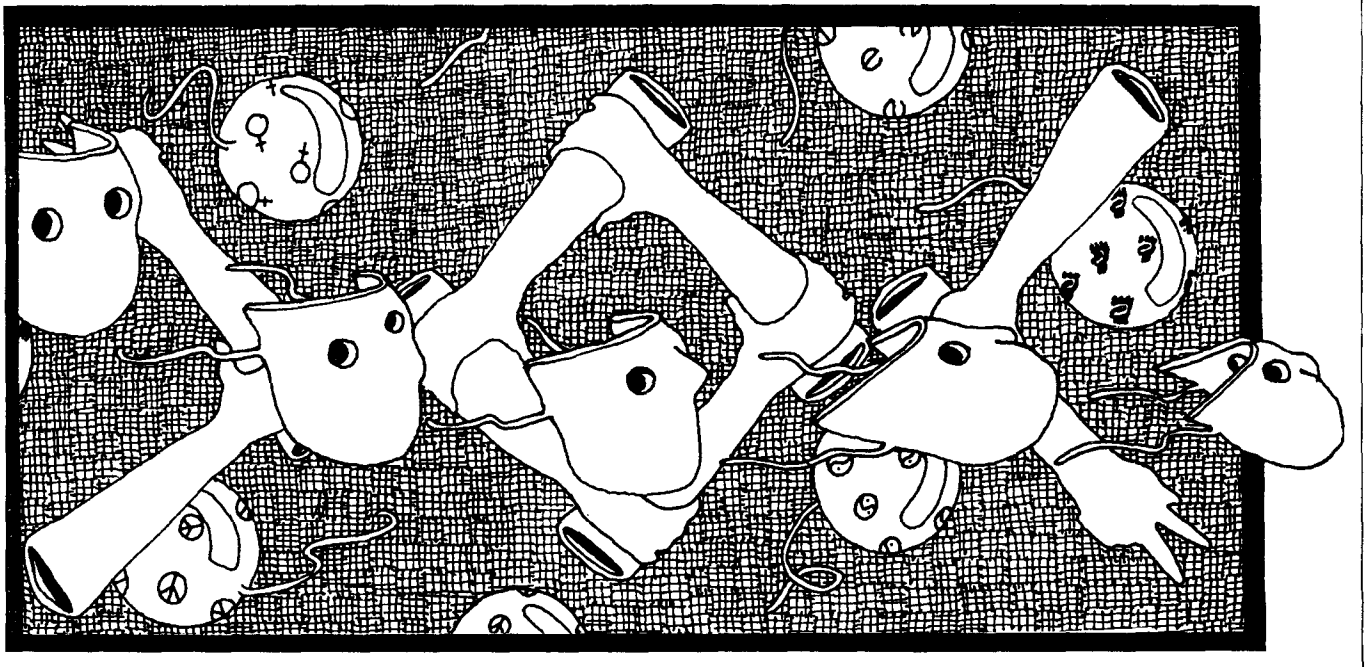

Moving On—to Nowhere

BY JONATHAN KOZOL

BOSTON, Mass.—Earlier this year—during a free-school conference in the South—I had an astonishing and disappointing conversation with Edgar Friedenberg. An author known to many of us and admired by some during the 1960s for his books and essays on urban problems, ghetto schools, and youth revolt, Friedenberg seemed now to have arrived at a disheartening point of personal capitulation. Our conversation centered on the situation of black people at this moment in the United States. "The black struggle," said Friedenberg, "is no longer a significant issue for us in this nation." In 1972 we are involved with more sophisticated issues: "institutional questions," "structural difficulties," "the analysis and function of the educational apparatus in and of itself." The civil rights struggle of the 1960s, in Friedenberg's opinion, "was a legitimate matter in its own time. . . . It is, in this, a little like the moment of an infant's parturition. It happens once. You deal with it once. Then you go on to something new."

Friedenberg's words, his glib and anesthetic tone, above all his willingness to relegate the "issue" of black people to the slag heap of outdated matters, stunned—and offended deeply—many of those, both black and white, who heard him, especially those who, unlike Friedenberg, have not gone off into self-chosen academic exile in another nation. (Friedenberg now lives in Canada, where, in his words, "things are a lot more comfortable and much less hectic. . . .") His views disturb and disappoint me to this hour.

The position he takes, however, is neither an unfamiliar nor unprecedented manner of response to concrete issues. It is, on the contrary, a familiar instance of the ritual exercise of liberal surrender followed by a nonstop forward locomotion to the next good issue and to the next preflawed endeavor. The process starts during the early years of public school and carries through into almost every area of our adult lives.

There is in public school an almost standard sequence of the kind that Friedenberg exemplifies: the earnest endeavor and the almost-honorable rebellion followed by an act of ethical desertion, glamorized as "growth" or else romanticized as "deeper insight into the whole issue." Out of this experience of progressive abdication and of nonstop locomotion there emerges the familiar and unsettling phenome-

Jonathan Kozol, winner of a National Book Award in 1968 for Death at an Early Age, *recently wrote* Free Schools, a handbook for teacher-organizers. *He has lived and worked in the black community of Boston since 1965.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH MERLINO

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Science for the layman.

The editors of Saturday Review proudly announce a magazine devoted to science.

Science has become too important a part of our lives to be left to scientists.

Yet most magazines that deal with the subject of science are so technically oriented, they tend to be obscure to the non-professional.

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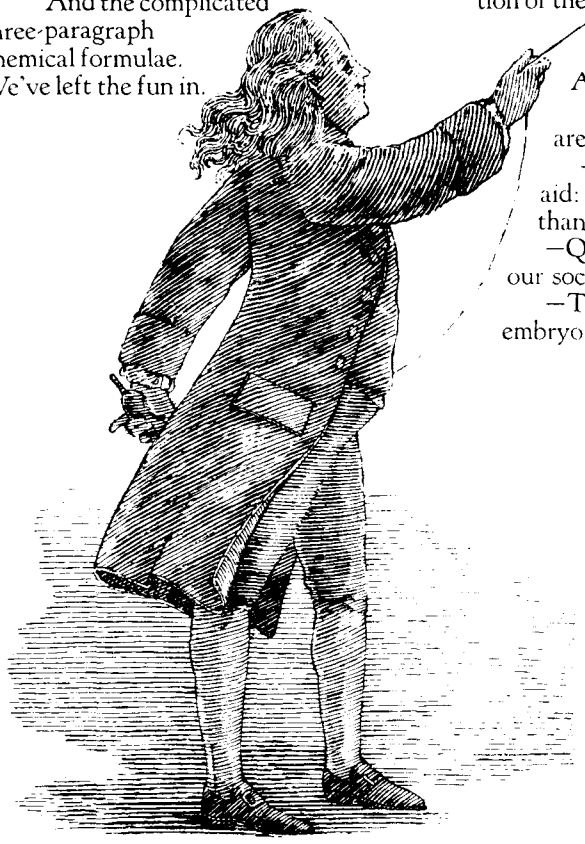

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—Lunar tides: how the attraction of the moon results in everything from mirth to madness.

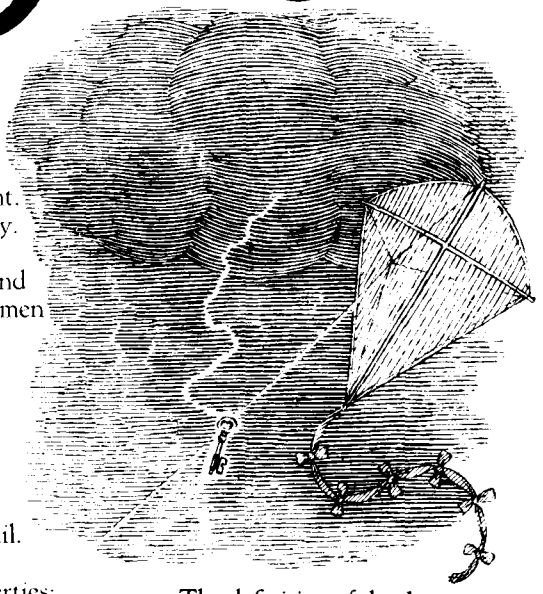
—What's wrong with American agriculture.

—Weather modification: are raindrops as lethal as bombs?

—The psychology of foreign aid: is it really better to give than receive?

—Quantity vs. quality: shaping our society by the numbers.

—The schedule of the human embryo: when does life really begin.



—The definition of death. When does life really end?

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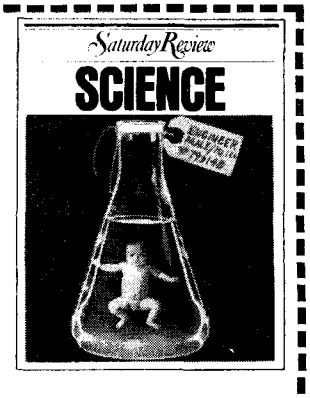

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non that appears to many European observers of the U.S. Left as "ideological promiscuity"—movin' on, as the folk song has it, from one moment of uncompleted aspiration to the next. A friend of mine has suggested the following definition of a fashionable movement in the United States in 1965 or 1970: "Ask, try, plea, fail. Write an interesting piece for the *New York Review of Books* on the subject of your failure. Go on to a new movement."

I don't believe that this is totally unfair, but I think that in stating it in this way we can too easily miss the real point. This is the fact that "to ask and fail" is first described to us in school, and then experienced by us in our adult lives, as the moral equivalent of Having Done a Real Thing. It is, for certain, a low-cost way of telling ourselves that we are not bad fellows and yet of obviating all deep, serious, or risk-taking action. The public schools, the press, and the media all go to some extremes to let us make this kind of substitution. School says to us: "You did a real thing. You had your class discussion about race and ethics. Now go on to your next subject."

In the intellectual world we hear the same idea: "You did something by writing a book of protest. We did something by reading what you wrote. We went even further by giving you a good review. Now get on to the next issue. . . ."

It is remarkable to observe sometimes with what success young people can be trained to keep on moving forward in this manner. It is even more remarkable that they can be so easily persuaded of their own volition in this forward motion. "We're into a new thing," I hear the high school students say. "We're into ecology," or "into women's liberation," or "into communes." It isn't that each of these items might not be a thing worth being "into." The trouble is the fantasy these students have: a) that they are freely choosing each thing they go "into"; b) that to be "into" something only for the length of time it takes to try and fail is of any real worth to other human beings.

The forward motion from one surrender to the next is characterized by a dizzying progression of concerns, each of which is tried, consumed, and traded in: civil rights, peace, ecology, pollution, women's liberation, welfare rights, the pathos of the white and unrespected middle-class, the American Indian, the Mexican-Americans in the Southwest, the Puerto Ricans in Manhattan, the overworked pupils at upper-class prep schools in New England, and so forth and so on, with each cause imposing claims upon us in unceasing sequence but always with shorter and still shorter periods of concentration and of perseverance. Each of these movements is legitimate. The question is not the substance of each movement but the character of our forward ambulation. We move forward, not from completion to completion, but from one incompletion to the next.

The discovery of "new oppressed minorities" is an excellent example. Certainly there is oppression other than that against black skin and Spanish surname; there is, however, a kind of madness and transparent insincerity about the way we move on to find, define, and then equate these categories of oppression. The discovery by the intelligent wife of a Manhattan millionaire that she, too, is oppressed—first because she went to an oppressive prep school that was not like Summerhill, second because she is a woman and cannot go down to Wall Street like her husband—leads her to the final step of equating her oppression with that of the victim of the slum. The problem is not only that this is a vicious and dishonorable equation (she is not starving; her children are not born brain-injured in unsterile delivery rooms; they do not chew lead-infested paint; her sickness—cancer, epilepsy, heart disease—does not go unexamined and untreated) but also that by such an equation neither form of oppression will ever be dealt with in a perseverant way. Each will produce literature, controversy, talk shows, a new-thing-to-be-into. Nobody who is now in pain will be in less pain when it is all over.

"Purity of heart," wrote Kierkegaard, "is to will one thing." This is at least a thousand light-years distant from the kind of ambulatory dedication that is encouraged by the schools and by the press and media. During the high school visits that I make from time to time, I often hear these words: "We used to be into that race-and-conscience bag. . . . We're in a new bag this year. . . ." The kids seem cold, then bitter, then despairing. There is a hollowness, an empty ring, about the whole thing. It sounds less like achieved serenity than like disguised surrender. It happens in very much the same way with large numbers of adults. We go on from movement to movement, thing to thing. Each of the things we do may be a good thing in itself, but "moving on" is not a good thing if it is a way of thinning us out, of spinning out our worth or squandering our capability for love and for vocation along a boardwalk of inadequate completions. We go along beside the games of chance, trying and losing, and moving on to try the next game. As at a boardwalk, there is much commotion, little industry, and few rewards.

The obsessive process of unceasing forward locomotion is seen in almost every area of ideological and moral aspiration. It is seen in our willingness to take up, savor, relish, and digest new movements, new ideas, new dedications, then to shift gears and leave behind those visions and those short-lived passions. It is seen, as well, in the disturbing way in which we learn each year to praise and purchase, to honor and esteem, new books on deep and solemn subjects, then neatly slot and channel them into the proper boxes for cold storage. There is at least one memorable and disheartening example of this pattern of intellectual consumption almost every season.

In 1969 a book is published with the title *Poverty and Mental Retardation*. The author is a journalist named Rodger Hurley. The preface is contributed by Sen. Edward Kennedy. The book is heralded by a long, favorable review by Robert Coles. Briefly, the book describes the degree to which poverty in the United States cripples its victims, not only culturally and psychologically but also physically. It documents high frequencies of nutritional damage, brain injury, retardation, and infant death among poor children.

The author has the power to get angry; even if he did not, some of the statistics that the book contains would burn upon the page. In demonstrating how culturally loaded intelligence criteria, along with real psychological and physiological damage, create a disproportionate incidence of seeming retardation among blacks, he cites this information:

"The most frightening instance of the over-representation of the Negro among the mentally retarded is found in reports of the Eugenics Board of North Carolina. Over a period of thirty-seven years, this Board has seen the sterilization of 6,851 persons, some by means of castration. Not all of these individuals were sterilized for feeblemindedness; mental illness and, until recently, epilepsy were considered adequate reasons to subject individuals to this utter degradation.

"In the two-year period beginning July 1, 1964, 356 persons were sterilized: 124 were white, 228 were Negro, and four were Indian. In the previous two-year period, 507 persons were sterilized: 150 were white, 323 were Negro, and fourteen were Indian. There are approximately three whites to every Negro in the North Carolina population."

On infant mortality he gives us

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these statistics: "In the United States in 1964, the overall rate of infant mortality was 24.8 per one thousand births. This figure in itself provides a significant comment on the quality of reproduction in this country, since fourteen other countries had lower rates than the United States in 1965 . . . . But when the figure is broken down by color, one finds that the mortality rate for non-white infants in the United States in 1964 was 41.1 per thousand, or nearly twice the white infant rate of 21.6 per one thousand . . . .

"In 1962, the entire city of Newark had an infant mortality rate of 41.3 per one thousand live births, compared to a statewide rate of 23.9 and a national rate of 25.3. The lowest city rate in New Jersey during that year was 13.9 per one thousand, which, if it had applied in the city of Newark, would have meant saving the lives of nearly three hundred infants."

Hurley also establishes that black children, due to poor or nonexistent prenatal care, are far more likely to be born premature, and tells us something that most of us did not know: "An infant born prematurely is sixteen times more likely to die during the neonatal period (first twenty-eight days) than one whose birthweight is normal. If the premature infant does survive, he is, as has been observed, ten times more likely to become mentally retarded."

The book is devastating; more devastating still, however, is the manner in which the book is handled and contained. It comes to the public with a number of endorsements from respected scholars and from well-known politicians. Its statements are well documented, and its conclusions are, in general, accepted. It is reviewed and praised, sold in the bookstores, talked about for a certain time among intelligent people, held in respect by many, discussed again in certain places, and adopted in a few cases as a text for certain areas of study. *It does not make a perceptible difference in the life of anybody:* not when it appears, not when it is reviewed, not when it is reprinted, not when it is adopted as a college textbook, not when it is deposited into a special, neat-and-clean compartment of contemporary literature and culture labeled as "important commentary on a serious social issue."

The same process functions to absorb and neutralize all kinds of books and studies and reports on subjects of a grim and terrifying character, which are published, briefly applauded, and then tucked away into our ethical memory each year. We hear, we read, we think, we listen, and at length we comprehend. Then we begin the proc-

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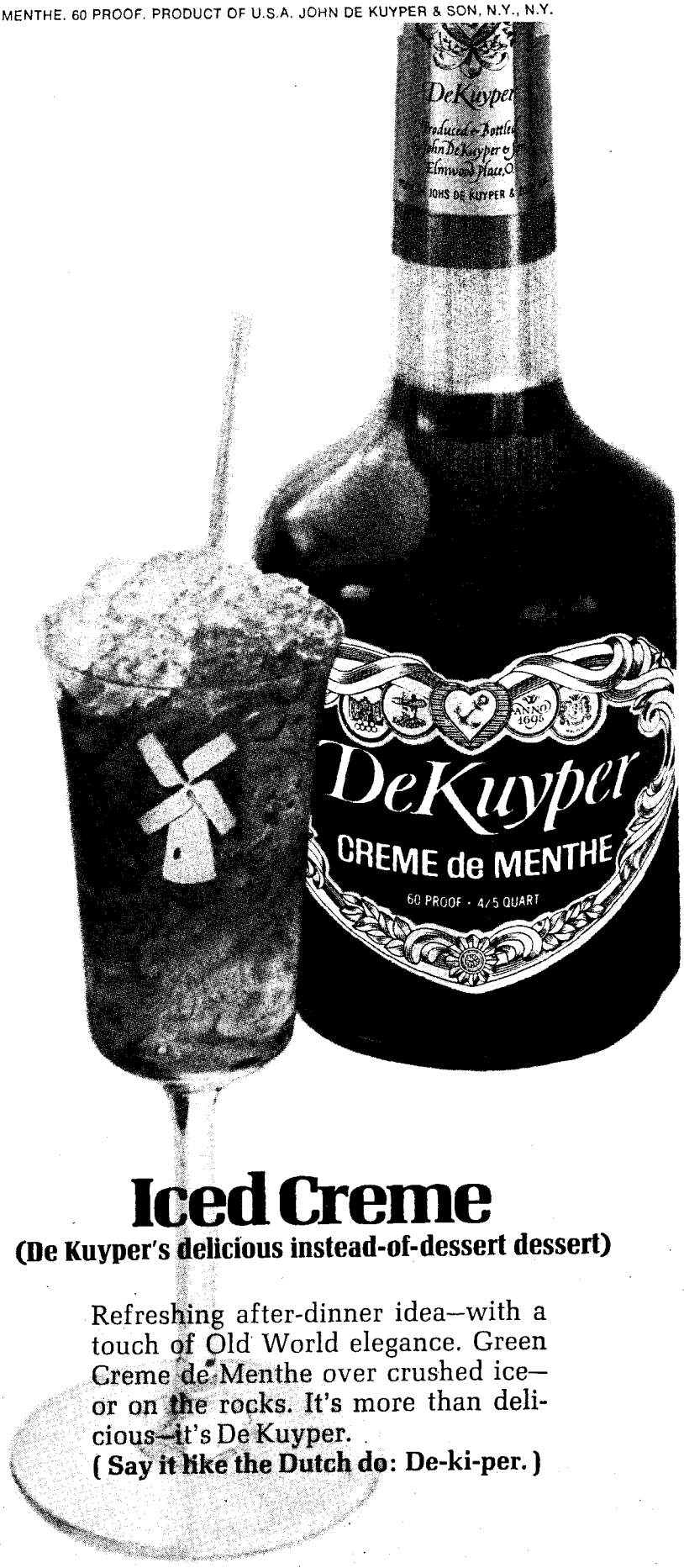

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ess of assimilation and absorption of the troubling substance, of the possibilities for action, into the fabric of concern and "manageable unrest," the mood that it is our habit, purpose, or compulsion to sustain. Two years later we read another book on the same subject. It receives the same attention; it is handled and contained in just the same way.

The identical ritual also takes place among people in the free schools. There is a characteristic way in which some of us learn not only to "consume" —acquire and possess—each book or fashion, innovation or idea, as it is published or put forward but also to exploit the very sequence of these offerings in order to provide ourselves with a persuasive pretext for the inward action of surrender and betrayal. We see a familiar process by which each new book, each name, each fashion, serves, not as a strong and vigorous passage of rededication and regeneration of the sense of struggle with which we first began, but rather as a justification for desertion of those things that we have undertaken. In such a way the exercise of ideological consumption is tied to the parallel process of inevitable obsolescence. Each new thing provides not only instant titillation, fodder for the talk shows and the magazines, and visiting lecturers for the university; it also provides a constant pretext for the act of ethical betrayal.

We meet, within the free schools, extraordinary numbers of young people who seem to be able to take up, exploit, relish, and reject new books, new notions, and new allies with almost the same rapidity and ease with which they would take or drop new college courses. The type of serious, well-intending, but inconstant men and women I now have in mind—hip in appearance, radical in words, but desperately well-programed in behavior—discover each year the work of someone new, read it with relish, digest it with delight—but then make use of this new ideological appropriation as a persuasive reason to move on.

They read Ivan Illich or go off to Mexico and meet him; then they come home and report to the parents of poor children that "school" as an effective concept is outdated, square, archaic. They read John Holt, and they report to the mothers and fathers of their students that you can't "teach" formal skills in any case, so we should not waste time even in trying. They read Charles Silberman, and they report to their coworkers that "joy" and "joylessness" are the only words we need to think about or use in our discussions and our disputations. No need,

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then, to be troubled about books or math materials or the building code. They read Black Power writings—scrupulously selected, I often find—and they announce, in what they take to be the dialect of the slum, that the white man ought to go away and let the black man get himself together and do his own thing. (They say this even in the midst of sessions taking place at strong, successful, integrated free schools.) In the end they pack away their books, lock up their consciences, put away their dedications and their skills, go into the woods, and build a whole new set of ideals and of loyalties.

I wonder, though: What kinds of loyalties can be constructed on a groundwork of desertion? There is a black child in my neighborhood who has by now gone through four generations of white teachers, organizers, drifters, VISTAS, OEO-supported revolutionaries, and what he calls "the hippie people"—all in the course of six years. Peter can list the names of all the young white men and women he has known. They give him supper and buy him shoes and take him out on hikes and sit down on the floor and play with the Cuisenaire rods for one summer and one winter, and sometimes for one spring and for one summer more. Then they switch gears, and they are into a "new thing." They cancel him out, or rather, since they cannot quite do that, they situate him in a slot of history or in a place of pain known as "the race-and-conscience bag." They make new friends and read new books and find a whole new set of words, and they are off to a new dedication.

Peter, however, does not live within the "race-and-conscience bag." He lives on Columbus Avenue in the South End of Boston. He is a real person, and after they are gone, he is still here.

The impulse into nonstop forward-locomotion that I speak of here is present in most people who are trained in public schools. I know very well that I would not be so disturbed at shifting loyalties and transient dedications of this kind if I did not perceive the strongest impulse of this sort in my own life. It is very, very tempting to keep moving onward. It is extremely hard to stay in one place and to follow through on one thing. I like very much to read the words of Ivan Illich. I like even more to talk and argue with him. I like most of all to travel to Cuernavaca and sit down upon a lovely terrace and have lunch with Illich, or else to walk out on the hill above the monastery and to stroll along that mountain road and talk of things that might be possible one day. I also feel the need, however, to amalgamate

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these kinds of new and deep and powerful experiences into some of those things that I have done before and into some of those real-life needs that still exist right here in the South End.

There is for each of us the need to learn and grow—in terms, of course, of our own recognition of what school does to our children. There is, however, an even deeper need to find one solid core of concrete action and specific dedication in one neighborhood or in one city, with just one group of children and with just one group of allies and with one set of loyalties and with one deep dream of love and transformation. This is the kind of challenge that I know my coworkers and I will face in the years ahead. I walk in my neighborhood alone on sunny nights, and I wonder whether I will be here still within this neighborhood or within this struggle ten years hence. It is easier, in many ways, to drive to the airport and fly to Mexico City than it is to walk to Peter's house two blocks away and sit and look straight in his father's eyes. This is the struggle also of the free-school movement. It is the struggle, indeed, of the whole youth movement in this nation at the present time. It is the struggle of those of us who have been trained for twenty years to be nonstop consumers and now must pause to teach ourselves how to be loyal to one thing that we believe in. □

A Rap on Grass

BY VICTOR PERERA

SANTA CRUZ, Calif.—"It's become cool to turn down grass," said Stephen, a long-haired sophomore. "It's cool not to apply pressure. The soft sell is definitely in. I know. I'm a dealer."

I had given up *Cannabis* before I moved to California and was curious about other dropouts and their motives. A question broached casually in my writing class at the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California turned into a lively and frank exchange on the subject. Santa Cruz has a reputation as a dopers' campus, which is enhanced by its lotus-dream setting among groves of redwoods in the hills high above Monterey Bay. A flourishing mecca of the youth culture, the city is one of the major drug outlets in Northern California. The rate of drug abuse

here—particularly in the high schools—is among the highest in the nation. Yet UC Santa Cruz may be setting the pace for the collegiate trend *away* from grass, hash, and hard drugs and back to beer parties and cheap wine.

Of the nineteen undergraduates enrolled in my class, six admitted that they were smoking as heavily now as they had in the past. Three had never smoked; they described themselves in turn as "a straight arrow," a Christian Scientist, and "just not interested." Six were formerly heavy smokers who had given up dope entirely; four were phasing it out. They had first experimented with marijuana in high school, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. A common explanation for their cutting down on smoking was that it had become too expensive.

Four members of this group of ten gave more personal reasons. "I smoke only to write papers," said Susan, a quiet and self-assured freshman. "The rest of the time I like to be aware of what's going on. I like to be in control."

"I'm too curious," said Mark, who writes for the campus newspaper. "I'm deeply involved with my energies now and how best to release them, give them expression. Music excites me, energizes me. Dope is a bring-down. I hardly ever mess with it any more, though many of my friends still smoke. If I want to loosen up, I drink beer."

"I just find it too undignified," said tightly disciplined Elizabeth, a junior in psychology. "When I smoke I get all giggly and silly, unable to control my speech or thought processes. Afterward I usually feel like an absolute idiot, especially if I'm with mixed company."

Jerry, a senior and an ambitious poet, said that he had cut down on grass and hashish when "everything started becoming a revelation. I mean *every*thing, from reading Rilke to tying your shoelaces. Too much dope reduces all experience to the same level. It's a downer."

I asked them if it created strain when they turned down a joint from friends who smoke.

"Not strain exactly," said Jean, the self-described straight arrow. "But they can express surprise or disappointment in a rather obvious way. And there are lots of subtle ways to exert pressure. That's why I only socialize with nonsmokers like myself."

Elizabeth said, "Your friends won't ostracize you exactly, but they may leave you out when the popcorn is passed around. They feel you have no reason to feel hungry if you haven't smoked."

Stephen, the dealer, disagreed. "That's out of date. If you make it clear right off that you're a nonsmoker, most smokers will respect you, and the same is true of the dealers. The dope scene is open-ended now. Dealing is becoming a freelance operation, with no secure outlets. Myself, I'm a moonlighter, I guess. I hardly smoke any more, but I'll still sell to responsible users."

Maria Luisa, a senior in Spanish literature and a nonsmoker, spoke up: "You can say what you want, Stephen, but if you're in a roomful of smokers and you turn down a joint, they'll treat you like a black or a Chicano at a Lutheran service. They won't make a point of your being an outsider, but the strain and the distance are there."

All but one of the nineteen believed that grass is no more dangerous than tobacco and that it should be legalized. The lone dissenter, Barbara, gave up pot two years ago when she became a member of Campus Crusade for Christ. She is now active in an evangelical campaign whose slogan is "Drugs kill. Jesus saves."

I then asked the six who had quit smoking recently to give their reasons for stopping.

"I quit because I want to be my own person," said Harriet, a social sciences junior. "Smoking is an addiction, and addictions impair one's individuality. I wish I had never turned on to my first MacDonald's hamburger."

"I just don't want to get busted," said Michael, a senior in education. "I intend to teach kindergarten next year, and I don't want that on my record."

Jim, a physical education major and an ardent tennis player, said that he had stopped selling dope a year ago because "two of my friends got busted for just smoking grass, and they've been in one kind of trouble or another ever

Victor Perera, a novelist and journalist, teaches writing and Spanish literature at the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California.

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since. I figured it was just a matter of time before they caught up with me, so I stopped selling and I stopped smoking."

"I stopped smoking to cope with the smog," said Hank, who lives in Los Angeles. "I figured it was a matter of either breathing or smoking."

Tom, one of the more militant campus activists, said he stopped using drugs for political reasons. "Using drugs plays into capitalist hands and the CIA's. It helps support the war machine, which is fueled by the heroin trade."

Three others concurred vigorously.

"I used to smoke to delay orgasm," said Peter, an English literature sophomore. "My girl friend said it made it better for her. But then she left me, and I found I did better without it."

There was laughter in the room. It ceased abruptly when Barbara stood up and said in a trembling voice, "Drugs are an abomination. They are an abomination against Our Lord Jesus Christ. I warned my parents that if they didn't stop smoking, I would report them to the authorities."

A stunned silence.

"They've smoked since I was a baby. And when I needed them, they were never there. They just were never there." Barbara's eyes filled with tears, and she left the room. □

The Selling of the Deity, 1973

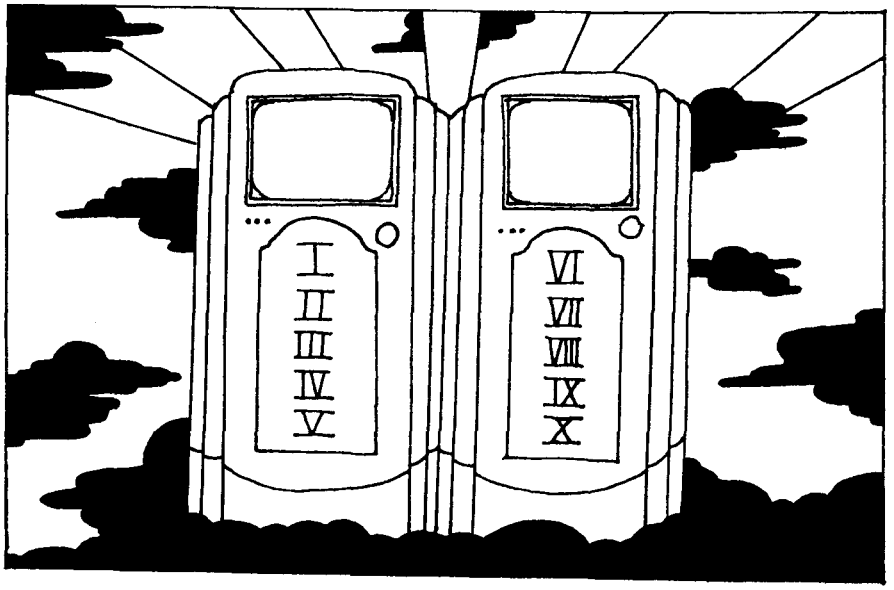
BY EDWARD B. FISKE

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Western religion has always been at home in the market place. Saint Paul used to preach in the agoras, or markets, of the Mediterranean world. Traders would arrive by ship, hear his message, and take it back home with them. Market places were the mass media of the day.

The folks at Religion in American Life, Inc., like to think of themselves as spreading their message in somewhat the same way. For twenty-three years this nonprofit organization has been peppering the landscape with billboards urging us to "worship together this week" or reminding us, with John F. Kennedy, that "God's work must truly be our own." Last month Religion in American Life launched a new campaign.

To give a fitting send-off to what one might call The Selling of the Deity, 1973, RIAL threw a party at the Time-Life Building's Tower Suite, which overlooks the Newsweek Building in midtown Manhattan. Guests found two tables with lavish assortments of cheeses, a selection of red wines, and two large punch bowls filled with ice and bottles of Chablis and *rosé*. At one end of the room, near a large plate glass window, was a machine with a small screen that played RIAL's new musical television spots ("Sisters and brothers, loving each other we're gonna make a better day"), while at the other end a tape recorder recited the radio spots ("Activate your membership in the community of man and help reverse moral pollution"). In between, journalists, media representatives, businessmen, and multidenominational volunteers chatted informally.

Edward B. Fiske is religion editor of the New York Times.



On the way in, each of us had been handed a bulky kit containing copies of the new ads and background material on RIAL. It was evident at first glance that selling religious belief is big business in this country. Founded in 1949 and backed by forty religious groups, including Protestants, Roman and Eastern Orthodox Catholics, and Jews, RIAL has an annual budget of about $200,000. Last year this money—most of which is spent in the development of television and radio spots, magazine and newspaper ads, and posters for subway and train stations—generated the equivalent of $27-million worth of donated time and space in the mass media. The ads are prepared by a "volunteer agency," Lieberman-Harrison, Inc., and placed through the Advertising Council, the arbiter of which public service ads are fitting and proper for the country to see and hear.

Curious as to how one goes about developing advertisements for the Almighty, I sought out some of the creative people who had put it all together. It was clear from just a few moments of conversation that they are divided into two camps. Charles Harrison, president of Lieberman-Harrison, asserted that one had to tackle religion like any commercial product. (He acknowledged, though, that there are distinct advantages in having such an eternal client. "You have the luxury of integrity," he said, "and you don't have the problem of product failure.") On the other hand, Paul V. Higgins, the senior vice-president who supervised the account, said that he prefers to think of the task in its own terms. "Since nobody's buying anything, I don't like to use the word 'commercial,'" he stated. "I prefer to call our spots 'message units.'"

I asked about this year's theme, which, summed up in RIAL's posters for transit stations, is "The community of man—God's club." Mr. Higgins said that the RIAL board had come up with the "community of man" idea and that the creative people had zazzed it up with the "God's club" part. "We had to bring a quite theological idea down an octave to the level of the average person," he explained. "It's actually quite an accomplishment to compress a religious idea into thirty or sixty seconds and do it with artistic validity."

The "God's club" slogan, however, caused some problems within the RIAL fold. As one official explained, "The Episcopalians and Presbyterians are touchy about accusations that they are elitist and exclusive." The problem seems to be solved by the way the slogan is presented in TV and radio ads. Reference to "God's club" is swiftly

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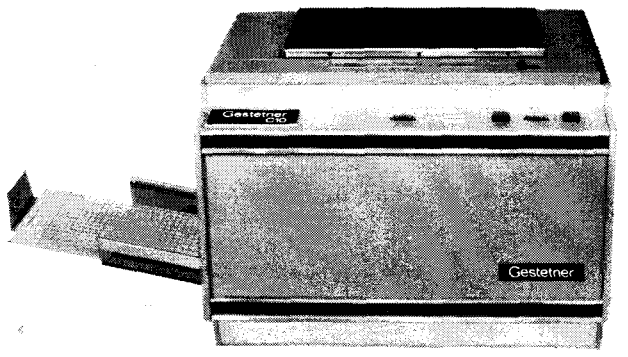
followed by the comforting reminder: "It's not exclusive. It includes you and me." Lois Anderson, the new head of RIAL's mass media committee, said that irony is part of the ads' effectiveness. "We are giving the exclusive idea a new twist and making it clear that the community of man, not the churches, is God's club," she said.

Actually, exclusivity is a charge that has plagued RIAL itself. Although its letterhead contains the names of all the right people (general secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference, executive vice-president of the Synagogue Council of America, etc.), it has always been thoroughly Protestant in outlook. More specifically, RIAL reflects the world view of the Protestant businessmen whose firms provide half of its financial backing. Jews who have attended RIAL affairs have complained about the lack of kosher food and about prayers that invoke the name of Jesus. Nor were Jews exactly delighted when Walter B. Wriston, chairman of the First National City Corporation, addressed a RIAL banquet last March concerning the dangers posed by people who offer "simplified nonsolutions of urgent issues" and entitled his talk "The Modern Pharisee." "It was a Neanderthal approach," grumbled one Jewish official.

Between sips of wine RIAL leaders indicated that they are trying to get away from their in-group reputation. For one thing, they have steered away from the get-people-to-church approach of the Fifties in favor of themes that have broader appeal. "Forty per cent of adult Americans attend worship in an average week," said Jerald Hatfield, RIAL's full-time program director, "but what about the other sixty per cent? We want to reach them, too."

This year's campaign indicates a shift away from the old preoccupation with sectarian faith and toward social issues. The big business world view lingers on—shoplifting is singled out as one of our urgent national problems—but the kits also showed ads dealing with open housing and urban blight. Two of them bring up the question of business morality and suggest that concepts of personal morality must be applied to the business world.

The creative people said that they intended quite frankly to raise in people's minds questions about the responsibility of corporations in such areas as housing, pollution, and minority employment. Arthur Davies, the outgoing head of the media committee, suggested that this approach took a bit of courage because "it sounds like we are talking about the very businesses behind RIAL." Ian MacGregor, the new national chairman of RIAL, assured me,



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however, that the basic thrust is still personal. Mr. MacGregor, who is chairman of American Metal Climax, Inc., and has been involved in a running battle with the Episcopal church over the ecological and social damage allegedly caused by some of his company's mining operations in Puerto Rico, said that RIAL's ads are aimed at alerting people to major problems and getting them to "take some interest in their faith."

After an appropriate time for socializing we settled down to hear speeches. The high point was the announcement of this year's Community of the Year Award. Although RIAL is known primarily for its advertising campaigns, it also has a small Faith in Action program, which promotes such interfaith activities as "living room dialogues." The award goes to a community that has a particularly strong program. This year's recipient was Huntingburg, Indiana, which, according to the kit, has used the RIAL program to break down "decades of hostility and mistrust between the Catholic and Protestant elements." A speaker was attached to a telephone so that we could hear a prepared statement of appreciation read by Jerry Hunefield, a local high school teacher who led the RIAL program in Huntingburg. This is the fourth year that Huntingburg has qualified for the award, which means that it now enters the RIAL Hall of Fame. The only other occupant so far is Alliance, Ohio.

What good does all the advertising do? RIAL officials are not sure, and some are even a bit reluctant to try to measure effectiveness. "You can't quantify a qualifying effort," said Mr. Higgins. Mr. Hatfield, though, said that the Compton agency is going to try to measure the impact of RIAL's promotion efforts as part of its regular research studies in California. He said further that even if the campaigns do nothing but reinforce people's faith and their belief in brotherhood, they can be considered worthwhile.

The materials for this year's campaign being set, all that remains to be done is to get them placed. One network balked at a TV spot because it was too explicit about belief in God; but officials expressed confidence that this snag could be worked out. I asked some of the media public-service people what they thought of the spots; they were universally pleased. "They're something we can really use," said a man from one New York radio station. "They're not at all controversial."

This didn't sound much like Saint Paul. But then he didn't have an interfaith board, and he got his money from making tents. □

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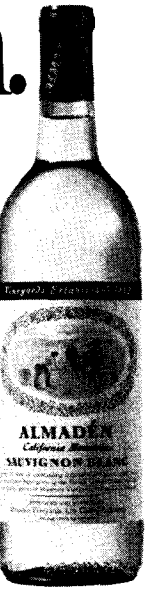

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Letters

Dope and the Classroom

As a kindergarten teacher, I regretted Mr. de Lone's limiting his article ["The Ups and Downs of Drug-Abuse Education," *SR*, Nov. 11] to one age group. I taught in an all-white, middle-class, exurbanite community where kindergarten children brought toy plastic hypodermics to the classroom and "shot dope" with alarmingly accurate skill; where children drew pictures of long-haired boys and referred to them as pot-smoking hippies; where children smoked with realistic gestures the candy cigarettes their parents had bought them; and where children popped into their mouths candy pills packaged to resemble popular drug brands.

Perhaps the communications media are responsible for their precocious knowledge, and I agree with Mr. de Lone that additional films and educational kits may only encourage that familiarity. He is completely realistic when he emphasizes the need to establish mutual trust between children and adults, to strengthen healthy relationships among children and their peers, and to establish a continuous dialogue between teachers and parents.

I am convinced that one cannot start too soon in schools and at home to face with total candor that our children are turning away from us and toward drugs.

Etta G. Bischoff
Tomkins Cove, N.Y.

This single article makes the birth of *Saturday Review/Education* worthwhile. As a health educator who agrees with de Lone to the letter, I think his article is timely, factually correct, and it cites alternatives. We have treated drug abuse, venereal disease, illegitimate pregnancy, and alcoholism as separate ills—which, of course, they are not. We are surprised when fear tactics, factual data, and drug lectures turn kids off. Unfortunately, the primary objective of the health professions has been therapy, whereas prevention should be their goal.

Joseph E. Riley, M.S.
Coordinator, Health and Drug Education
First Supervisory School District
Yorkville, N.Y.

School for Some Only?

The program at Skyline ["Skyline: The School With Something for Everyone," *SR*, Nov. 11] points to the appropriateness of the career-education concept in the development of a productive citizen. The application of "educational clusters" indicates a practical approach to providing *every* child with some salable skill upon completion of his education.

The fact that Skyline has opened its doors to students outside the school district is commendable; the criteria for selection, however, are questionable. Only students who have not received a failing grade and have letters of recommendations from their principal and one teacher are admitted to the program. This defeats the purpose of the career-education concept. Career education should be aimed at all students, especially those lost in the morass of the general education curriculum.

Studies have indicated that students who have experienced success will continue to strive for future success.

But what of the students who will not be admitted to Skyline because of their past failures?

John D. Bies, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor
Wayne State University
Detroit, Mich.

Nolan Estes, the school superintendent of Skyline High School, claims that he wanted to make it something special in order to attract all kinds of students. Yet the admissions policy is based upon the premise that a student who is socially acceptable and never fails is the only type qualified for admission. The educational rationale for the rejection of a boy or girl who has *ever* failed a single course, the troublemakers, and the human beings who somehow seem to merit being dumped may be consistent with the Dallas mentality but, one hopes, is not representative

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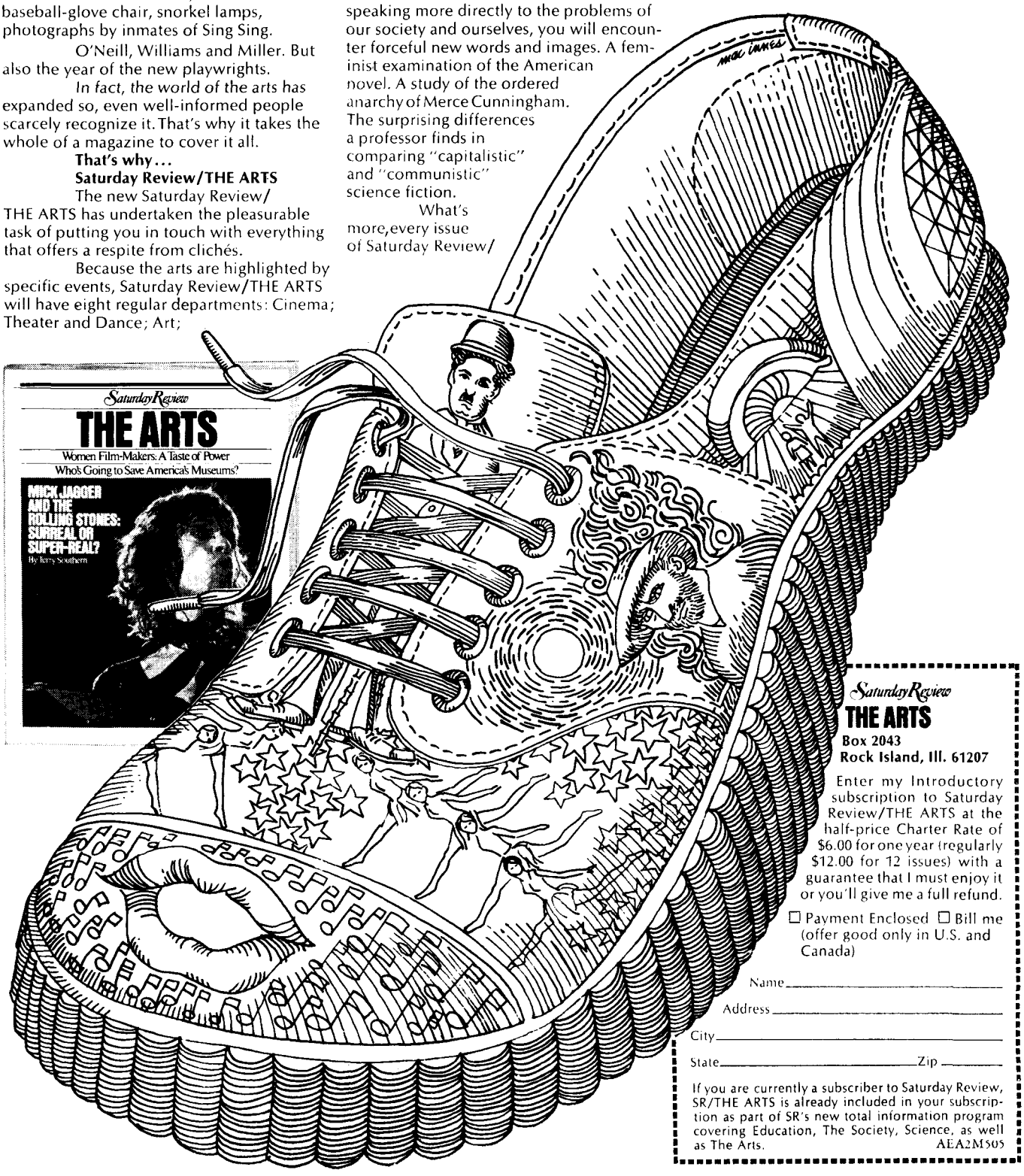
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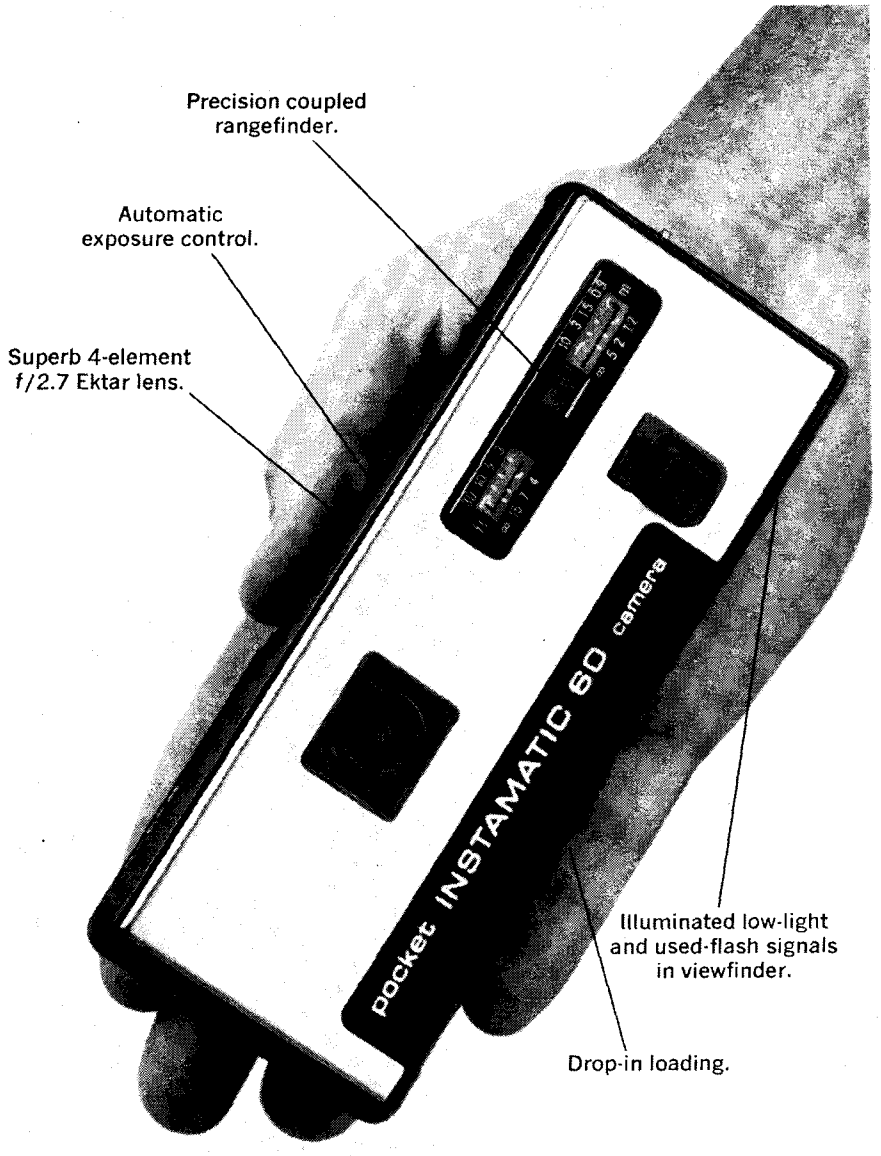
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of the mainstream of American public school education.

There should be great concern over the statistics indicating that the blacks and Chicanos selected for Skyline overwhelmingly want to remain there, despite guns and lunchrooms resembling prisons. It indicates that the nonwhites who are willing to play the white middle-class game can receive the reward of an education costing three times as much as that of their brothers who choose not to meet the standards required for admission.

What happens to the boys and girls who are excluded from a program specifically designed to improve the socioeconomic status of its participants—probably the ones who would most benefit from it?

Frederick S. Bock
Director
Monroe County Alternative School
Indiana University

Sexism Is Everywhere

In "Football and Cheers" [*SR*, Nov. 11] we learn that "For the boys on the team it's performance that counts. For the girls on the sidelines it's how you look and who you are."

Then, in "College as Camelot" [*SR*, Nov. 11] we read, "Why do men lose confidence in their government?" and, "To what extent may a man compromise his principles and still keep his integrity?" and, ". . . college is supposed to develop the 'whole man.'" Thus, women learn that they are not even on the sidelines. They are nonentities.

Dr. Judith S. Weis
Newark, N.J.

Jencks and Bane Again

Henry Levin in "Schooling and Inequality: The Social Science Objectivity Gap" [*SR*, Nov. 11] seems to have misread our book *Inequality* in one important respect. The book does not say, nor do the authors believe, that America provides children with equal opportunity. On the contrary, we offer a mountain of evidence that opportunity is now highly unequal. What seems to have confused Levin—and many others—is that we also provide evidence that making opportunity more equal would not make the distribution of income appreciably more equal. This does not mean we ought to forget about equal opportunity; it just means that equal opportunity will not produce anything like equal results.

Levin also criticizes our analysis on technical grounds, claiming that we should have included cost-of-living adjustments, age, and personality measures in our analyses and that we should have excluded unearned income. He concludes that if we had done this, we would have explained three or four times as much of the variation in income as we did. Three of the four factors he mentions are of negligible importance. Our best estimate is that cost-of-living adjustments would have reduced the variance in our primary sample by less than 2 per cent. Age accounted for 1.1 per cent of the variation in income in our primary sample, and our analyses took these effects into

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account. Unearned income constituted only 6 per cent of total reported income for our primary sample, and analyses that focused solely on earned income yielded almost exactly the same results as those that focused on total income.

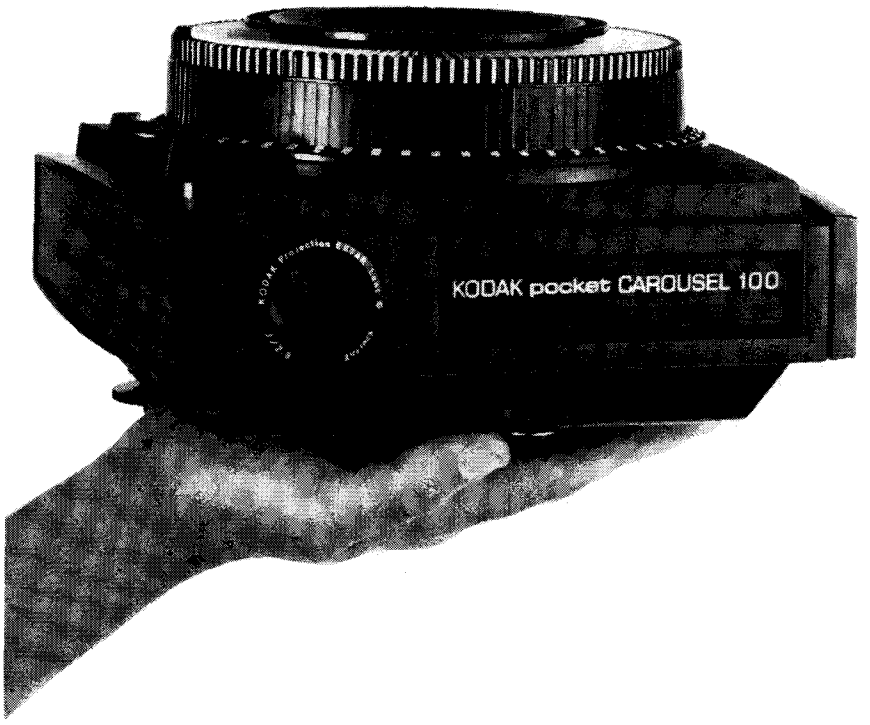
Levin may, however, be right in claiming that personality factors explain much of the variation that is not explained by family background, years of schooling, and IQ. He is *not* right in concluding that the omission of these variables led us "to *understate seriously the ways in which* incomes vary systematically with differences in schooling and family background."

Consider the relationship between school attendance, personality traits, and income. We estimated the effect of school attendance on income by calculating the gross income difference between, say, the average college dropout and the average college graduate. We then adjusted this gross figure to take account of differences in family background and initial ability. We imputed the net remaining income difference to the fact that college graduates had had more schooling than dropouts. We made no adjustment for the fact that there were personality differences between college graduates and dropouts when they entered college. Had we been able to make such adjustments, the net income difference between college graduates and dropouts would have been further reduced. The estimated effect of staying in college would thus have been *lower* than those we published, not higher.

Admittedly, this is not the whole story. While taking account of personality traits would have lowered the estimated effect of school *attendance*, it might not have lowered the estimated effect of school *quality* on income. This is so because we estimated the effects of school quality in a different way from the effects of school attendance. Qualitative variations among public schools may conceivably have bigger effects on personality traits than on test scores, and these personality traits may in turn have a big effect on economic success. There is no good evidence that schools have such effects, but neither is there any definitive evidence that they do not. All we can say at present is that qualitative differences between segregated and desegregated schools have had very modest effects on the later earnings of blacks and that qualitative differences between parochial and public schools have had rather small effects on the adult occupational status of Catholics.

Our estimates of the effects of family background were derived from data on the resemblance between brothers. This allowed us to estimate the overall effect on later outcomes of differences between families, whether the effects are mediated through personality variables, test scores, or years of schooling. Actually measuring the relevant personality variables would not, therefore, alter the estimated effect of family background in any way.

Mary Jo Bane
Christopher Jencks
Center for the Study of Public Policy
Cambridge, Mass.



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Editorial

Three Back From Limbo

Today's young, we are told, don't dig history. That's a pity. Musty and irrelevant as the subject may seem to them, it keeps springing surprises on us and demanding that we pay it a certain heed if we are to understand the headlines in our newspapers, much less the fine print beneath them. In the space of the last few weeks alone, for example, three men whom history had once seemingly consigned to limbo were very much in the news: an Argentine dictator who had seemed fated to spend his last years in obscure exile; a West German Social Democrat who at one point led his party to such a resounding defeat that he grew despondent and all but abandoned the hope that he could bounce back; and an American politician who after two consecutive losses at the polls had vowed that he would never try again.

The return of Juan Perón: When he and his teen-aged mistress were driven into exile seventeen years ago, it appeared extremely unlikely that Juan Perón would ever again set foot in Argentina. During his nine-year dictatorship he frequently humbled the leaders of his country's armed forces, and the military men who have been running Argentina for the last six years have never really forgotten that nor forgiven him for it. But the admirals and generals have botched the job of governing what should be one of Latin America's richest lands as thoroughly as did their civilian predecessors, and in the end they adopted a "Why not?" attitude toward Perón's return. After all, he is seventy-seven years old and nowhere near as vigorous as Charles de Gaulle was when he returned to power at the age of sixty-eight.

Perón's return eliminates one of the deepest grievances held by his predominantly working-class followers against the regime. Whether he will lead his party to victory in next year's elections is another question, for the *descamisados* (shirtless ones) who once rallied around Perón are now deeply divided. Inevitably, they are also somewhat less fervent in their loyalty than they were a quarter of a century ago. Perón expected one million of the faithful to greet him on his return; no more than 100,000 turned out.

The vindication of Willy Brandt: During the Fifties and most of the Sixties West Germany's Social Democrats seemed doomed to the status of a perpetual minority party. The conservative Christian Democrats had two enormously powerful forces working for them—the country's postwar "economic miracle" and the electorate's profound distrust of the Social Democrats as muddle-headed pinkos if not outright agents of Moscow. In those gloomy days, with the mayoralty of Berlin behind him and nothing terribly promising ahead, Willy Brandt was sometimes as wont to hit the brandy bottle as the hustings. But he snapped out of his depression and, from the mid-Sixties on, went to work to bring his party to power. In 1969 he finally succeeded, but only by a hair's breadth; the Social Democrats actually trailed the Christian Democrats in votes but were able to rule by forming a coalition government with the Free Democrats.

Once in power Brandt launched his daring *Ostpolitik* program of *rapprochement* with the Communist world. It won him a Nobel Peace Prize but seemed destined to cost him the chancellorship. By last spring his narrow parliamentary majority had been wiped out by defections, and there were widespread predictions that popular dissatisfaction with his foreign policy would bring about his defeat in new elections. Instead, Brandt was resoundingly vindicated in last month's polling as his party for the first time drew more votes than did the Christian Democrats. Governing in coalition with the Free Democrats, Brandt will have a relatively comfortable majority of nearly fifty seats in the 496-member Bundestag to help him enlarge the opening to the East.

The reelection of Richard Nixon: It still seems hard to believe that Richard Nixon won as handily as he did—the same Richard Nixon who lost to John Kennedy in 1960, who lost to Edmund Brown in the California gubernatorial race in 1962, and who almost blew a huge lead in 1968 in a race against a Democratic presidential candidate who was handicapped by a hopelessly divided party. Yet there it is in cold figures: a seventeen-million-vote majority, forty-nine states, and 521 electoral votes out of a possible 538.

Still, Nixon may well be plagued by a phenomenon that historian Clinton Rossiter described a dozen years ago in *The American Presidency*. Writing about Dwight Eisenhower, Rossiter observed: "No man ever got a more astounding show of support in the one popularity poll that counts—a margin of 6.5 million in 1952 and of 9.5 million in 1956—and no man since Harding (another big winner) had less success in exchanging this popularity for the hard currency of influence." Despite his big win in 1956, Ike was the first President in more than a century to lose both houses of Congress. Nixon is the second. His party actually emerged with a net loss of two Senate seats, leaving the Democrats in control by a secure 57-to-43 margin. In the House, despite the Nixon landslide, the Republicans are still outnumbered by the Democrats, 255 to 179.

Though Nixon is likely to find that his electoral popularity will be sharply discounted when he seeks to exchange it for harder currency, he seems determined to effect some major changes. The votes had scarcely been counted when the President announced that a sweeping reshuffle of his top assistants was in the works. His top domestic aide, John Ehrlichman, foreshadowed the reshuffle even before the election, when he told an interviewer: "If we were dealing with a team here, we'd say that in the second term we're coming to the cut. The manager has to make a choice, now that he's going on for the rest of the season, and what he wants is a lean, tough ball club." And what will this tough team do? Its first task, Ehrlichman continued, will be "a very hard-nosed analysis of cost-effectiveness and the elimination of those programs that can't sustain the burden of proof."

Plainly, there are programs that cry out for cutting, or at least for better management. Few of us, moreover, are anxious to add new taxes since the existing ones already total 40 per cent of our national income. Still, one wonders just how far Nixon and all those hard-nosed types he plans to recruit will go. There is the haunting worry that this parolee from limbo, in taking it upon himself to save us from fiscal irresponsibility, will plunge us headlong into social indifference.

Ronald P. Kriss

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Camaro Type LT at Zuma Beach, California.

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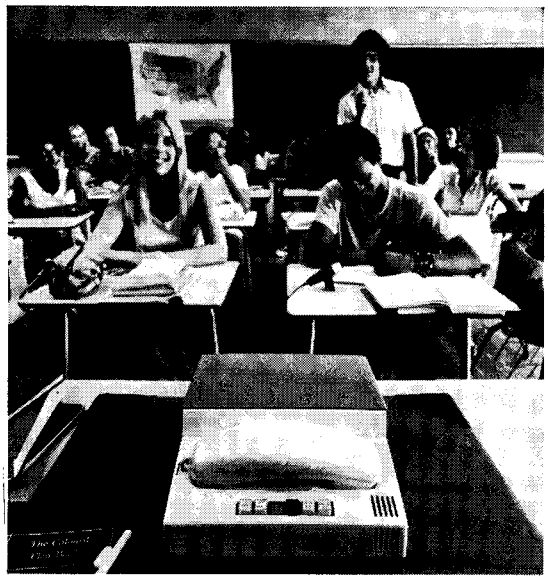
With this phone, a class can visit a senator, a banker, a space-age physicist.



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A senator can explain the need for voter registration. A physicist can talk about gravity on the moon. Or a class can visit a sheriff in a county jail.

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Saturday Review of
EDUCATION

Of Spider Webs and Snails

BY MICHAEL ROSSMAN

There are some things we trust our child will grow up receiving, like a love for words, and others we try hard to give him, perhaps as bulwarks of sanity and purpose in a crazy time and society. We never hassled Lorca about toilet training: he began his move to the pot at nineteen months under the free urge of emulation and took ten more to complete it with his peers in the play group. But we've worked hard to teach him to care for living things, as naturally as we can.

For the bias of our culture is against life and needs purposeful opposing. Kids begin early to be indoctrinated in the antilife mythology—the jingle that most offends me, even more than "snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails," is the one about little Miss Muffet and her fear of the spider, symbol of all the evilly animate, crawly, creepy things. It's hard now to know what to take seriously and make politics of. But being for life has no arbitrary limit, and our need to learn humility as a species in the cosmos may be directly connected with the atrocities we struggle against daily.

In any case, Karen and I have learned to love spiders and have grown to cherish their coinhabitation of our cottage and its delicate ecology. We know the ones who spin in the light and those who like dark and migrate at night. When their webs grow too dusty, we clear them from favored places to be built anew. Washing windows, we watch out for the tiny ones. They give us more service in pleasure than as flycatchers, for they can't keep up in summer. And so our home is a school in this ecology, as Lorca grows into a set of relationships already begun as a condition of our own growth and not assumed "for his benefit." Much of our "trying hard" consists only in our self-consciousness of how delighted we are to turn him on to what we love. For each relation with the spiders and other life is revealed anew as a ritual of our being, as we involve him in its performance.

Michael Rossman's most recent book is On Learning and Social Change, *published this year by Random House. He lives in Berkeley, California.*

A Father's Tale

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEPHEN OSBORNE

Bee watching-nothing is so salutary for education as a little painful experience.

Plants

The environment is his teacher; we are its aides. As soon as his eyes could focus on pattern, he lost himself for hours in the hanging arabesques of the ferns. We took care often to hold him up so he could stroke them. When he began crawling around and grabbing things, he ripped off enough leaves to make us squirm in pious indignation each time he approached a plant. Unable to go with the natural flow, we blew it: his tugging at plants grew into a game to win our attention, and we got into the slapping thing before we realized what we were doing. We got out by letting go of our overreaction to his sacrilege and by accepting him for awhile as a natural predator.

Meanwhile we stroked the plants and cooed to them, sympathized with their ravages, admired the small life they harbored—making our feelings visible to Lorca. It was theater, but we are actors before him whatever we do and would rather be expressive. (In such matters he's the perfect audience, all his will eager to absorb the ways people relate to the deeper realities.) By eighteen months, when he grew able to join in the ritual of bringing water to the plants, he had pretty well got it down that they are somewhat creatures, too, to care for and be gentle with. But they live in such slow rhythms! It will be years before he grasps our pleasure in their thriving and the rituals we make of this, too, as when friends come by for cuttings or at transplanting time.

Bugs

Insects were more immediate. I think they're made for kids to love, those pretty, intricate bits of motion. I turned Lorca on to them in the city-hall gardens, where we pause to consider the colors of flowers and the texture of cold, dewy grass as we walk up for milk and doughnuts on the moist downtown mornings. We observed the bees and butterflies, parted leaves to discover caterpillars, and dug in the mulch for sow bugs. And he was off and running, dragging us from tree to tree to see their caravans of ants. At home he'd soar like a hawk over the plains of kitchen linoleum, discover tiny motion far below, and plummet to catch solitary ants out scouting, so small we had to hold them up to see. One night he went around to a dozen of us in turn with a bit of red sweater-fluff, crying, "Ent! Ent!" as he held it up to each for inspection. I flipped out—not at his usual ceremony but because I thought he was making his first deliberate pretend. But it turned out his sense of the line between animate and inanimate was still somewhat blurry.

Snails were an equal passion. When he was two, he'd climb into our bed at 8:00 a.m., ripe with morning pee, his sleeper-feet muddy from the garden, to wake us. "Look, I got a snail! See the snail!" Poor damn thing, shell cracked, blowing agonized bubbles: it's a long way around the cottage from the mint bed, tumbling in through the dog door, clutched in a fist not yet surely controlled. The eyestalks come out: (s)he's still a grand fellow. Lorca cries, "Snail! Oh, snail!" Karen smiles in her half-sleep. "Okay, why don't you let him go home now?" We do this ritual every time, saying, "Bye-bye, go home now," to the sow bugs as we put them back down and sometimes making a small pilgrimage to release a moth. And Lorca exits feet first through the dog door, muttering, "Snail, go home."

At first if we fell back to sleep, he'd forget, and we'd wake to find two or three snails lost in the desert of the blankets. But my mother never murmured at having to clean their forgotten, mashed remains out of my own britches' pockets when I was his age, and Karen, though less fortunately reared, has grown to be even easier with such potential traumas. What was hard for me was quite different: I was still loath to have him watch me kill snails wholesale among the rhubarb. Let him have his love, before he must make sense out of our being tender with some creatures and brutal with others. But his first learning in this was clean—helping me hunt the biting fleas in our dog's shaggy mane. And now that he knows that the garden plants are for food and to be protected, he has the foundation for a more complex relationship with the snails—and

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a context in which to explore the pleasures of squishing small things, which he will come to without forcible restraint by us.

Christmas Day, in his grandparents' huge, new house, all white walls and white floors and elegance, an orgy of presents. At nineteen months Lorca wasn't yet into the game: he gave by spontaneous impulse and here, too, reacted in terms of his own passions. His day's high point, better even than the two-bit, wind-up, green hoppy-toad, was the earwig he found crawling amidst the purity. It was a remarkably durable insect. For fully twenty minutes he showed it around, letting it travel from hand to hand, dropping it and picking it up. Ceremonies, indeed! All is revealed in the words of the incantations. "You're ruining Mimi's Christmas," joked his grandmother, in third-person and quite unguarded anguish, all her weeks of thoughtful shopping and expectation frustrated by his obsession. More from concern for her and for the insect than from having sufficiently savored the discomfiture of materialism, I took Lorca outside to let the earwig go and say thank you and bye-bye.

Danger

Of course, earwigs can pinch you a bit, as I explained, but they won't if you just let them crawl on you and don't try to restrain them. For all his passion, Lorca is cautious. For a week after I told him among the chrysanthemums that bees can really hurt you, he wouldn't touch anything but snails. Then he started checking them out one by one: "Will this butterfly hurt me if I touch it?" "No, no butterflies will hurt you." "Will this beetle?" "Most beetles are safe. Big ones can bite you a bit. Give me your hand." I bit him to demonstrate how hard. For the time being, we got it down that spiders were okay to touch except if they were real big or like a black marble, but that he shouldn't touch them if we weren't around, except for daddy longlegs, which *look* like spiders but aren't *really* spiders. And he should check out anything new with us. Like the earwig.

And he does, and I trust him off on his own, since we've repeatedly identified the few other dangerous tinies around (scorpions and centipedes). In the mountains he is still too quick to poke with his own hand in rotten wood, a fault of mine also. So we squat like naked savages inventing the first tool as I show him how to find a short, stout stick to poke the punky fibers over with, searching for grubs. Still, nothing is so salutary for education as a little painful experience. It took the bee stings in spring to really ground his caution.

There were two in three days: the first purely fortuitous, a bee lost in the sandbox, the second the organic hazard of barefooting it on a clover-studded lawn. Lorca handled the physical pain easily: cried for only a minute or two, took comfort, and got absorbed in the after-sting explanations. The first time we observed how badly the bee was mangled and established that Lorca's residual pain would take a while to abate and a day to go away and simply had to be endured but that the bee was worse off. "Bees will sting me only if I hurt them," he repeated, trying to get it down. "Or if they *think* you're going to hurt them," I amplified, as we went inside to have a honey sandwich.

When he got over crying from the second sting, we went right out to watch bees in the garden and tested again how close we could get to them safely. "Can you touch him?" "No." "He will hurt you if you touch him!" "Right!" But he refused to walk barefoot on grass. I didn't push him; but for some mornings we studied lawns on our walks and saw that, sure enough, where there were flowers in the grass there were bees, and where there weren't, there weren't. Soon we ventured barefoot onto the plain lawns and then, as anxiety subsided, walked in the bare patches on flowered lawns. For weeks he did this, leaning over to point out the bees, until the experience was fully integrated. The stings did not make him more cautious with other familiar insects—the pay-off of being sure about telling them apart and being forewarned about bee danger—but both lent point to his caution about strange creatures.

Parting leaves to discover caterpillars and digging in the mulch for sow bugs.

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Garden

In the garden we move at more leisure into the experience of interdependence. Once a week I do the play group. Before lunch we enter the garden gate, file past the leeks, and pull back the compost heap's plastic blanket to a chorus of greetings and exclamations. It is rich with slugs and sow bugs and worms and two fine species of salamander surviving in urban habitat. Sometimes we find a cricket or millepede. Even the slugs have bugs on them, little, quick-moving, white specks the five two-year-olds can see better than I can. The kids pass them around from hand to hand, learning from each other that it's safe and fun and how to hold them gently. From me they learn how to gather without pushing or shoving, so everyone can see the salamander's eggs, and how to take turns holding one up to the light to see the tiny black wiggle coiled in the lucid jelly. When we're done, we carefully put every one back and cover it.

Much too small to feed us all, the garden is most valuable as a teacher. The play group helped me plant peas (ach, such help!). Once a week we watered them, watched them sprout and grow, saw the bees pollinating the flowers, restrained ourselves from picking the young pods. Mature pea plants are priceless: for two-year-olds whose grasp of time is still weak they display every stage from tiny flower bud to heavy-bodied pod, simultaneously, in strict sequence along the climbing stems. Each day we pick something to eat for lunch—they favor the peas, broccoli (especially the flowers), and the little cherry tomatoes. They have no problem liking these vegetables or ingesting the lesson of where their food comes from.

Sometimes we take the kitchen garbage out to bury. Its nourishing properties are already evident in the life of the compost heap. The kids are in a phase of readiness to learn pick-up-and-put-away and are happy to help me bury the dog shit there, too. Though they know now that what they eat comes out at the other end, it will take another year at least for them to begin to grasp the full cycle. Meanwhile we explore. This spring they will be almost three, eager to test out higher skills of discrimination and manipulation in the acts of weeding and picking off the harmful insects—which will lead them to a deeper involvement with the plants under their care.

Ecology of Learning

As they give and take, with the live world and with each other, the ecology of their learning is as rich as the animate ecology that supports it. And just as they are permitted to enter into the garden's mystery in careful stages, according to their growing powers (oh, my trampled rows!), so each season or plant's fruition offers a new focus of learning for them to relate to, or through it to each other. So much for an hour a week! And so much power in regularity and in catching each stage of learning as they grow ready for it. It gives me some idea of what's possible through the use of what the Montessori people call "prepared environments."

There seems no limit to the learning that can develop through focusing on a subject. When he first got into insects, I made Lorca a book of super pictures from an old *National Geographic*. We went to a store to hunt the right issue down; he was just old enough to "help" me cut the insects out and paste them on thin cardboard. He liked having them handy to look at and talk about, and I made up a few songs about them. But there was a deeper purpose: he was heavy into books, and I wanted him to know from the first how they came to be.

The deeper learning develops more organically. We are so alienated from life that it isn't hard for two-year-olds to come away from the compost heap knowing more about buggies than do some of their parents. And even such innocent expertise has profound social ramifications. One day, visiting friends up north, I found Lorca with their older child among the old wooden pathways decaying on the sand. He was holding up one end of a section while they peered under. Intent on my business, I passed them with a casual "hi!" —just two other people involved in what they were doing. Only later did

"He's a lover, not a fighter. People think he's mean 'cause he's big and black."

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it register: he was showing her where the buggies live. I had a sinking feeling, as of something irrevocable, and thought: What have I done to my son? A blessing and a curse: already he is an expert, in a circle older than his peers, and on a subject eccentric and creepy; already expertise is one of his ways of getting along with people. For so early are the basic ways of relating set up like a trellis for the self to grow along; and though his insect passion will fade, the roles he learns through it will not.

Big Bad Wolf

And then there's the matter of how we are taught to see and relate to other intelligent beings. Kids' books indoctrinate them in a schizoid myth about dogs. Like Negroes in old-fashioned adventure stories, dogs are portrayed alternately in terms of useful and slave-like devotion and of ravening danger. Spot and Fido tag along, do tricks, and run sheep for last century's meat industry, while the Big Bad Wolf waits to gulp the sweet girl and lurks in dreams and plays villain to the piggies in a morality play of solid virtues.

It's more than my love for dogs that makes me find this caricature as ill inspired as Miss Muffet's spider. Lately we've learned some of the true tale of wolves: the customs and smart grace of their society, where it still survives, and the forces that destroy it daily. (See Farley Mowat's simple and lovely book *Never Cry Wolf*, for example.) Having learned what we're doing, and why, to the human oppressed, it's impossible for us not to extend our sympathy to the wolves, on learning how their extermination is being organized to cover up the profitable human decimation of the caribou herds with whom they live in evolutionary symbiosis.

For me, seeing wolves hunted from planes like Vietnamese lends direct political dimension to the effort to restructure these key childhood myths. They come down to us from earlier conditions of our species and memories of real danger. But now we have the power, and the enemy we face is us. When I walk near ghettos, the black children shrink in fear from my dog familiar. Reassuring their mothers, themselves fearful, I crack my sad joke: "He's a lover, not a fighter. People think he's mean 'cause he's big and black." And coaxing them to pet him, I think of the years of demonstrations, when these kids saw on TV and in their streets the trained dogs, snarling like the men in uniform holding their leashes, ready to let go. True, there will always be a need to embody the forces of terror in ways that children can deal with. But we must find better strategies to teach than the prosperous pig's brick walls and myths that no longer serve to justify species genocide—if not for the wolves' sake, for our own.

When Lorca arrived, Bull reacted like a four-year-old brother. For the first month he wouldn't even look at us, let alone the kid, and sulked in the big leather chair after meals. By the sixth month things were smoothing out, with the aid of daily rituals of morning play, all four of us in the bed, Karen and I hugging and rumpling the kids together to teach them that love can be generated by sharing and not be lost for another's receiving it. But in fact there is first and second in love, and Bull got the short share. When Lorca began crawling, he was hard pressed as all his domains were invaded. He could take being tugged at, at least for a while, only tumbling the offender gently as he stalked off. But his food dish was his last retreat, the only space sacred to him; here he was adamant.

Lorca starts toying with the left-over kibble. Bull hastens over to lie with it between his paws, head filling the dish in an impromptu but dignified breakfast. A hand sneaks in beside his jaw. His eating pauses. A low growl. The hand withdraws. It sneaks in again. A louder growl. "No," we say, pulling Lorca back, "Bull doesn't like that." The *n*th time we realize: no, we must let them make their own peace. Lorca will have to learn, but from Bull, not from us—and if *of* us, as he will, then not of us as insulating and limiting his relations, but of us in our trust for the dog and for him. Lorca's hand goes in again, stays in, to the loudest growl. Bull's lip-raise of warning is ignored, not yet understood. As we watch in fascination, there is a snarl, a clash of jaws, a seventy-pound flurry of black motion; and Lorca sits in shocked surprise, his arm held in Bull's teeth, just tight enough to dent the skin. A long, instructive moment. Bull releases him, settles down to eat again. Lorca is unhurt, his face the absent calm it assumes when he's off puzzling something new. Checking it out, he tries for the kibble again. Snarling flurry, arm clamped a little harder.

That was enough, though it took a few repetitions through the months before it was mutually settled. And it was almost more than enough for us—an act of faith less in Bull's intentions than in his dexterity, weighing what we'd feel if he slipped and gashed a cheek. How to explain without seeming cold or irresponsible, save to say that our relationship with this furry intelligence is deep and complex enough to generate that degree of trust and worth the risk to extend to our child? (People project strange things on their "pets," and Karen fears some may read this story as permission to take pretty stupid risks. All I can say is, be conscious of what you are doing.)

So Lorca grows up with Bull, two beings involved with us in negotiating key needs of space, affection, contact, and respect. Other scenarios have been less dramatic, like dealing with Bull when he wants in on play between Lorca and us or Lorca's long struggle for the privilege of staying on his feet when Bull gets exuberant. There is still an element of rivalry and resentment between them; we try to deal with this realistically, in a warm and protected environment. But their friendship has been growing ever since Lorca discovered Bull's pleasure in hanging around the high chair to scavenge and their mutual passion for cheddar cheese. Now Bull leads us on walks and lurks in the ivy to ambush us and to dare chase. We bark with him in the dawn, and when sirens set all the dogs howling, Lorca and Karen and I howl too, just for the pleasure. Out on the lawn the play group and the local dog pack tumble in supervised sport, every pup for himself. Bull will even submit to being ridden awhile before he turns belly up to invite a scratching; and sometimes Lorca just comes up and hugs him or stares at him, intensely crooning, "Boo! Boo!" as he does when he sets the dinner dish before him.

Thus, Lorca encounters Bull in the aspects of Danger and of Loving Play —but not in the cardboard, one-dimensional way they are portrayed in the books he can't yet read. Bull as Danger is not ferocious and implacable but is someone pissed off for good reason, who can be dealt with reasonably (rather than by force against force). And Bull as Playful Pal is no one's cute, wind-up toy; he refuses to do arbitrary things like fetch balls and exhibit weird postures. Instead, again he's someone else, with his own tastes in sport and companionship and his own pace in accommodating friendship. Will Lorca learn to see so clearly the human wolves?

Teaching, Sharing

Of course, I find it hard to wind this up. It is an ongoing tale, scarcely, though well, begun. Against the weight of our past we work to understand ourselves as life among life and for life, and struggle to create a new order, to reconfigure our lives in its textures. What can we do but raise our children to share in this? The small bit of this task I write about here is no more integral to the whole than are many others—and no less, for in such innocent teachings are grounded who our children come to be and what future they will create. □

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Fraternité

BY PETER A. JANSSEN

It was 10:30 Saturday morning at the Delta Upsilon house at the University of Texas, and nobody was up yet. Then somebody slipped Big Brother and the Holding Company on a stereo on the second floor, and in response Senator Filibuster—the fraternity's totally nondescript hound that had been sleeping next to an empty beer keg in the back yard—started howling. Across the street pledges at the Kappa Alpha house broke up a meeting on the lawn by singing "Dixie" before dispersing for their weekend chores. In a few minutes the DU house came alive as most of the brothers—and a few of their girls who had spent the night—stumbled downstairs for breakfast.

Across the country fraternities indeed are entering a new life. A few years ago many of them, with their forced brotherhood, secret initiations, hazings, and Hell Weeks, seemed out of synch with the greening that was supposed to be spreading over most college campuses. Most lost members; a few closed down. Today, however, they are in the midst of a mild upsurge, having gained 300,000 members nationwide in the last three years. Most of the increase has come in the Midwest and the Southeast, but even at Berkeley twice as many freshmen went through rushing this fall as did the year before.

At the University of Texas in Austin —as at many other campuses—the student mood is ripe for a return to quiet days. "There's a great big energy void out there," says Dick Benson, the student-body president. "Everybody seems worn out by the volcanic change of the last few years. The mass energy pools just aren't there for any more demonstrations or anything else." "The people just are not motivated," adds David Powell, editor of the *Daily Texan*, the student paper. "It seems like all the battles have been fought and lost."

Largely because of the times and because of the university's size (there are 41,000 students at UT this fall), the twenty-six fraternities are increasingly attractive to many students who are looking for small—and compatible —places to live. "The Greek system is getting stronger here," says Bob Kaminsky, vice-president of Texas's Interfraternity Council and a senior at the Kappa Alpha house. "The houses have ended the hazing and the crap. Today there's a New Greek Way of Life."

The DU house itself—half a dozen blocks west of the campus—could use some new life. A three-story, blue, modular building, it looks like a Kleenex box turned on its side. Mrs. Mildred Newsom, the fiftyish housemother who lives in a first-floor apartment, says that "this is just like home. My door is always open; all the boys know where the medicine is in my bathroom." What do the brothers talk to her about? "Oh, the pledges get a little homesick. One night at midnight a boy from San Antonio came in and talked until 2 a.m.; he missed his family. Others have affairs of the heart with some little girl, and a lot have money problems."

The house has seventy-five members this year (ten more than last) and twenty-eight new pledges. At Texas, rushing—the ritual in which fraternities look over prospective members—occurs the week before fall semester. The rushees first gather for a special convocation in Hogg Memorial Auditorium to fill out IBM cards saying which houses they want to visit. The fraternities hold open house for two days. Then the actives vote on which students to invite back: at the DU house a negative vote by just one active can "blackball" any rushee.

On the third day the rushees regroup at Hogg, where they open sealed envelopes containing IBM cards from the houses inviting them back. "A lot of guys freak out when they pull out a lot of cards," says one DU. "Some people just don't get any."

Hell Week starts on a Sunday night in the winter, when the actives order all the pledges to sleep on the basement floor. Then comes a week of eighteen-hour days, painting the house, cleaning the grease trap, being driven to the boondocks miles away and left without money (and occasionally clothes), and general harassment. By the second day the pledges must be able to recite the DU spiel: "Sir, most renowned brother-to-be, shaper of my destiny and brother in the international brotherhood of Delta Upsilon fraternity, I, your most humble and obedient servant, respectfully request permission to speak, sir."

Much of the regular DU life centers on parties and girls. Each year there is a Swamp Party, when the front driveway is flooded and the lawn littered with bubbling dry ice; a Prohibition Party, a Pajama Party, a Christmas Formal, and a Spring Roundup. On weekends when a party is not scheduled, most of the brothers sit in a sunken pit behind their parking lot and drink beer.

Girls are recruited in much the same manner as new pledges. They are brought over for dinner and, if approved by a house vote, are informally inducted as Little Sisters. This fall there are about twenty Little Sisters, who help pledges get dates, decorate the house for parties, and raise money for special events. (One favorite fund raiser: the Little Sisters sneak into the house and steal the left shoes from everyone's closet. The brothers then must pay to get their shoes back.)

"The house is a community of individuals," says Mark ("Archbishop") Fetzer, the house vice-president. "The Fijis are all football jocks. But we've got jocks here, book jocks, hippies, politicos—kind of everyone. We have Jews, Catholics, vegetarians. The president of the house is from New York. I think we have what we want." □

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How to Beat *Serrano*: Rules for the Rich

With a little ingenuity the rich should be able to avoid sharing their wealth—even if it means packing up and moving to Florida.

BY CHARLES S. BENSON

First busing and now this! For those who live in wealthy exclusive school districts, trying times lie ahead. The movement toward "equalization of educational expenditures" is coming hard on the heels of the movement for racial integration. First, the California Supreme Court decided in the notorious *Serrano* case that quality of education cannot be a function of local wealth. Then, in mid-October of 1972, the U.S. Supreme Court heard arguments in a son-of-*Serrano* case, *San Antonio Independent School District v. Demetrio P. Rodriguez*. While waiting for the court to hand down its opinion in *Rodriguez*, the rich might well speculate on how strict interpretation of the *Serrano* doctrine might affect them.

"Really rich" school districts are those inhabited by high-income, educationally minded families that have great amounts of local taxable wealth. These districts—Beverly Hills, California (of *Serrano* fame); Clayton, Missouri; Shaker Heights, Ohio; Scarsdale, New York; Brookline, Massachusetts; New Trier, Illinois—are the jewels of our educational system. Under "equalization" these districts would be considerably restricted in their capacity to offer superior educational programs to resident children. This does not mean that the districts would suffer an absolute loss in quality of schooling. Indeed, that quality might be enhanced. But the districts could not so readily display *relative superiority* over ordinary schools in the rest of the state. That is, they might have to become somewhat less unequal with respect to ordinary folk than they have been in the past.

Of course, if the life of the schools were a bit more simple, the rich wouldn't be in so much trouble. For example, imagine a town consisting of proper, affluent households, each of which has children of school age. In our modern times, when personal services are so costly, it would surely seem prudent for the families to arrange for instruction of their children in groups. They might decide, too, that the contribution of each family to education of the young could be based on the value of homes, since size of family and size of house are related. Naturally, these families would not expect children of strangers to enter their schools.

In some ways this little fable accurately illustrates how our public schools are run in real life. Schools *are* a form of group consumption, and distinctions between the entitled and the nonentitled are clearly drawn.

Unfortunately, the whole story of public schools is more complicated. State governments contribute to the support of public education in even our richest towns. Support is drawn from taxation of nonresident property as well as of houses. Taxes are levied on households regardless of whether or not they have children in the public schools. These aspects of public education make it far more "public" than it is in our fable. Thus, certain people have begun to question the traditional legitimacy of the rich to exercise private control over what is essentially a "public" service.

On the bright side, at least two features of schooling described in our fable remain steadfastly intact. The first: receipts from local taxable wealth are held sacred for use in schools of the given district (no sharing). The second: schools of the district are legally bound to enroll resident students and to exclude nonresidents.

Serrano strikes at the heart of this convenient arrangement; it implies that the taxable assets of rich school districts should become available to support education of children throughout the state. The easiest way to understand

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this is to imagine that the Boston metropolitan area, say, becomes a state; in the process the central city and suburbs are merged into one educational district. Taxable resources in rich communities like Brookline, Newton, and Wellesley would immediately become available to help take care of the poor children in Somerville and Peabody.

It is none too soon for the proper, wealthy citizens of our nation to start girding against such an eventuality. One scheme advocated in response to the *Serrano* decision is district-power equalizing. This plan would allow rich districts to retain fiscal powers over their schools but at the price of seeing their school tax rates jump sky high. One district-power equalizing plan under consideration in California demands that Beverly Hills accept a threefold increase in the school-tax rate simply to maintain its existing level of expenditures per student.

Although *Serrano* may force "equalization" in education, it didn't say anything about health or safety. So don't share more than you have to.

Do any options lie before inhabitants of really rich school districts? Indeed they do. Here are some suggestions on how the rich can (and probably will) try to beat the game of massive school-tax increases:

1. *Move to a middle-wealth school district.* Since educational expenditures will be more equally distributed, the quality of your child's schooling will not suffer. Unfortunately, you might have to put up with some social-class integration and a cut in housing standards, but money saved on the main homestead could be used to fix up the summer place very nicely.

2. *Stay where you are and take in nonresident students.* This would also bring children of different backgrounds together. But because this is a voluntary form of integration, state governments would fall all over themselves to bribe you to do this.

3. *Support your local tax deduction.* Property taxes count as deductions in computing federal personal-income-tax liability. The richer you are, the bigger the share of your property-tax bill the federal government takes over. It's the biggest property-tax-relief plan anywhere around. Since deductions are intended to encourage people to be home owners, some find it strange that the rich, not the poor, need the most encouragement. But don't let that worry you. The important thing is that property-tax deductions are a possible casualty of federal tax reform. If the *Serrano* ruling becomes the law of the land, fight to the teeth to keep property-tax deductions in place.

4. *Move all items such as libraries, student health services, community services, etc., out of the school budget and into the budgets of municipal departments.* The *Serrano* decision ruled that the right to a good education was just as important as the right to vote. It did not, however, say it was important to stay alive. That is, the courts have not declared that such things as health services are of "fundamental interest" and, hence, subject to constitutional guarantees of equal protection. Thus, the general run of municipal services is not likely to be equalized. Your great taxable wealth can be applied to them just as before. So put everything you can move out of the school budget into the municipal budget. Don't share any more than you have to.

5. *Push for massive, across-the-board rollbacks in property taxation.* The property tax is often denounced as a "regressive" form of taxation that discriminates against the poor. Therefore, you might be surprised to learn that you, not the poor, would be the chief beneficiaries of a rollback in property taxation. Your benefits will be increased if you can get the state to make up the lost revenues by increases in sales taxation (which is even more regressive than property taxation). Of course, these measures would cripple the capacity of the educational system to take care of children with special needs. But since your children don't have special needs, this shouldn't affect you.

6. *Suggest that reform be accomplished with less than deliberate speed.* It will help to speak of "horizontal inequities" and "unfair windfall losses." Statements should be made that the present system has worked well and just needs a little patching up. Those skilled in the arts of delay can easily design reform plans that will achieve compliance with *Serrano* sometime in the first quarter of the next century.

7. *Vote for the minimum permissible local school levy, and put your children in private institutions.* As long as public schools are attended by children of the rich, they can't be thought of as second-class institutions. The English have known this for a long time and have always maintained clear distinctions between the entitled and nonentitled. As long as U.S. public schools have legitimacy, the sons of ordinary folk will compete for your son's place at Harvard. Protect your children's rights. Unfortunately, even in rich districts you may have neighbors who cannot afford good private schools. If any of your neighbors are friends, remember that this plan could seriously hurt them.

So much for avoiding painful tax consequences. Now what can you do to preserve educational advantages for your children? District-power equalizing only makes it more expensive to hang onto your superiority. Another plan, called "full state funding," might take that right away altogether, since wealthy school districts would lose the power to balance their budgets through taxation of local properties. Still, the rich have more than their share of fiscal ingenuity. They will find ways to survive in the days of educational reform. Here are some suggestions on how the rich might preserve their inequality under full state funding:

1. *Use the public schools for the basics and buy supplementary instruction in the open market.* This is the South Asian solution. Teachers like to moonlight. You might even have some extra money, along with your neighbors, to hire them for after-hour services because full state funding may give you a local tax cut. Fleischmann Commission recommendations in New York, for example, provide handsome tax bonuses to rich districts like Great Neck and Scarsdale. The plan would introduce variety in the provision of educational services and allow your children to make more choices about the courses they take. As a form of deschooling, the plan is especially desirable in that you can be "progressive" and maintain your exclusivity at the same time.

2. *Urge extensions in the provision of services by regional authorities.* For reasons of economy of scale, regional authorities have the means to offer a greater range of courses in greater depth than can any private school and any but our largest city systems (though city systems often fail to exploit their advantage in this regard). Your children, being bright and alert, will be the ones who take the most advantage of these special opportunities. However, because courses will be open to students throughout the region, no violation of the *Serrano* principle is involved.

3. *Be a staunch supporter of teacher-union demands for seniority-staffing rules.* Experience counts for something in teaching. Teachers are likely to prefer your children to those who live in the poorer parts of town—if you have any poorer parts. Under seniority staffing, experienced teachers will come to you as naturally as water running down a hill.

If you find none of the above comforting, I offer two last suggestions: 1) stop having children, and move to Florida or Nevada; 2) read Christopher Jencks's book *Inequality* again. □

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Learning Fair

BY SUSAN SANDS

Loosening people up so they recognize all conceivable learning—emotional, physical, intellectual, mystical.

What can you learn at a "learning fair"? What, for that matter, is a learning fair? One such event took place not long ago at the Peninsula School in Menlo Park, California, a few miles down the Bay from San Francisco. It may well have been the first of its kind, and it was certainly the first to be billed, with all good humor, as "super ecstatic and completely credible." SR asked Susan Sands, former Newsweek *staffer and now a general freelance writer, to look in and report.*

It happened at Peninsula School, a forty-seven-year-old, family-staff-owned cooperative, the "oldest free school in the country," site of the first New Schools Conference in 1969.

What was it? Fifteen "workshops and playshops"—Bead Game Music, Kids Teaching Kids, Gestalt Smörgasbord . . .—and forty ongoing events—Mobile Solar Sculpture, People's Computer Center, Tree Loom, the Alexander Technique. . . . All spread over two days and sprinkled among the oak trees of the six-acre school site and the rooms within Peninsula's main building, a green Victorian mansion. "Come together as participators/innovators," read the announcement.

"I was sick and tired of conferences," said Bob Albrecht, who came up with the idea for a learning fair and served as its codirector. "A fair was a way for a lot of us interested in new styles of education to get together, to let the public know what was going on, make money for the school, *and* have fun." Albrecht, a mischievous-looking man with a remarkable gray, blunt-cut beard, was one of the original founders of the Portola Institute (*Whole Earth Catalog, Big Rock Candy Mountain*). Now he's part of a Portola offshoot, the

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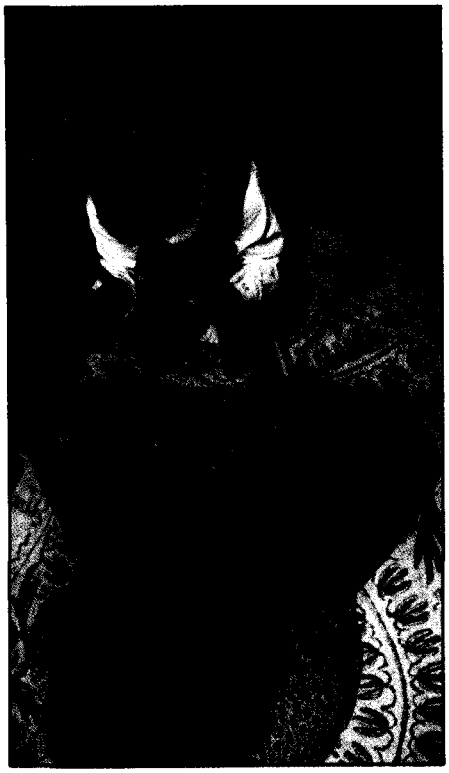

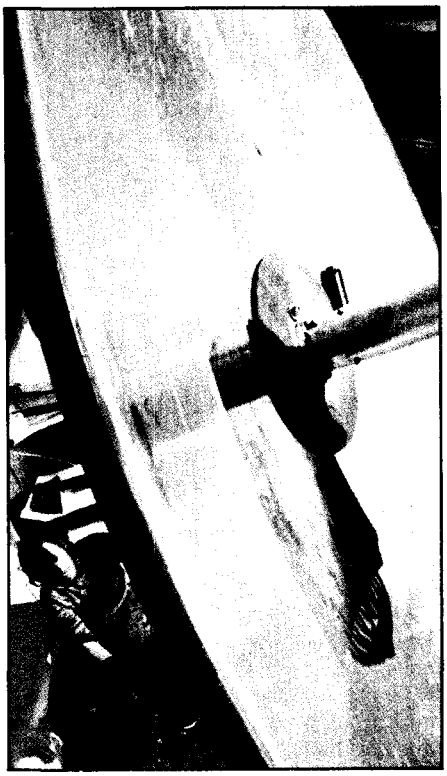

Fifteen workshops and forty events. It was all there at Pen School's fair. At the far left, the tree loom. At the bottom right, the MobileSolarWorkshop. And in between, a sampler of the fair's multitudinous, zestful "learn-for-yourself" activities.

new educational group called Zephyros ("a gentle refreshing breeze"). He's also a Peninsula School parent and board member.

Pen director Barney Young, a rotund man of infinite calm, saw the aims of the fair as those of his school. "We want to loosen people up so they recognize all kinds of learning—emotional, physical, intellectual, mystical. Learning has to be happening in every conceivable area." Learning should be joyful, open-ended, exploratory. The fair, like a good school, should also urge "direct action involvement" in each event, heeding Dewey's maxim that abstract knowledge grows out of real experience.

The fair was not only for children, Young stressed, just as Pen School is not only for the 230 pupils from three to thirteen years old who regularly attend it. "A school is a place where parents, kids, the community, all of us, should be changing. There should be no artificial barriers between kids and adults."

Five dozen or more persons, professionals and nonprofessionals both,

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served as fair teachers. They came from throughout the Bay Area, and they were of exceptionally high caliber. Among them, for example, were five members of Zephyros—that "learning collective" of ten or so individuals, each engaged in his own unique project to stimulate new ideas in education. Through Zephyros's most visible project so far, Ron Jones's Materials Exchange, hundreds of teachers and parents throughout the country are trading learning ideas and resources (partly through supersize publications called the "Deschool Primers").

More than 1,200 people went to the fair—some for three hours, some for two days—leaving behind about $3,200 for Pen scholarships. They tended to be hip rather than straight, and there was a notable lack of people over fifty. Some spent their time in chatting over organic snacks or doing crafts; others hurried from workshop to workshop.

I went the workshop route myself. Here, then, are some notes and impressions from one fairgoer, an adult who learned a lot and liked it.

Life Games. A floppy, child-size puppet heaves into the air, then plops to the floor. A curly-haired four-year-old, grinning, apes the puppet and collapses into a heap. The game is designed to awaken "self concept"—to urge a child to ask, "What do I look like? What can I do?" There are 199 such games in a kit called Amazing Life Games Theater (Houghton Mifflin). The kit's creator, Ethel Young, who has taught young children for thirty years, says, "It's an answer for the teacher who's trying to open up her classroom. We give the kids a huge number of options so that each can find his own particular style."

"Remember, you and I are teaching the big people today," she tells the twenty youngsters present. We big people rove the classroom, learning. I ask a little blonde girl named Jessica to explain her magic-marker drawing of lots of different-colored triangles. She says, "Every way the triangles are going is the way the world is going. The world is getting happier. When it's happy, it goes up; when it's sick, it goes down. It took a hundred years for the world to go all these directions. When it's happiest, the world ends, in a hundred years. The people will be smashed. Then it will start over again."

Outside on the fair grounds a small, green-faced figure accosts me. "I'm the MOSS MONSTER!" he crows. Looking around me in the crowd, I notice more and more monster faces, clown faces, flower faces, all emanating from the Body Painting Booth.

Kids Teaching Kids. Relaxing on an orange-and-white parachute, four high school kids are rapping with anyone interested in what they do. What they do is go into local elementary and junior high school classrooms, help out the teacher, and at the same time learn something about teaching, other people, and themselves. They're part of a Zephyros project that right now covers four schools and has ninety members. One girl says the younger kids "respond more to us than to their regular teacher." Their tough-kind adviser, Carol Young, nods, adding, "They don't come on as teachers; they're open to new ways of doing things. They're not full of rules."

A tight-lipped couple asks the fair's codirector, Lynne Sonenberg, "But where is the school? I mean, where are the desks?"

The Alexander Technique. I am ushered into a small room by Edward Avak, a small, intense man and a certified member of the Society of Teachers of the F. Mathias Alexander Technique. "It helps people use themselves better, with greater control, effortlessness, and balance," he explains. "We want to give a person the tools to replace his own habits by choice." Until a few years ago the technique was taught mainly in Europe, Avak explains. Now it's appearing in drama courses and music schools around the country. "Sit down; stand up," Avak says to me. He watches closely. Then, with authoritative yet scarcely perceptible pressure of the hands, he "broadens my back" (to make this powerful body part do more of the work) and guides the rest of my person into proper balance. Have I been leaning at a 20-degree angle all of my previous life? Now properly aligned, guided by Avak, I again sit down and stand up. Sure enough, it is indeed more effortless.

People of all sizes are weaving a woof —strips of velvet, gingham, carpet, whatever—through a warp hanging from a tree limb. They're producing the funkiest "fabric" I've ever seen.

Pantomime Journey. We curl into balls, then unwind into our mightiest yawning stretches. We choose partners, mirror each other's movements in sequence, then both try being mirrors at the same time. Leader Cliff Trolin, who laughs throughout, takes us through some basic "appelle" techniques. We "hold" a bar and "handle" the bar, we carry tables, set tables, pour milk, eat steak, bounce balls. A thirty-year-old and a four-year-old "play catch" with a giant beach ball. I ask Trolin, an experienced pantomime consultant, when children acquire pantomime skills. "Usually between the second and third grade," he says.

We curl into balls, then unwind into our mightiest yawning stretches. We choose partners, mirror each other's movements.

A mime, this one in white face, cradles a curved piece of wood like a baby, then uses the same piece of wood to give himself a shave.

People's Computer Center. "Gotcha!" cries a twelve-year-old as he "shoots down" an enemy spaceship blipping across a computer screen. Another computer plays football and is on the short end of a 35–0 route at the hands of a dignified middle-aged man. My computer plays "guess a number." I guess three-digit combinations; it signals "bagels" if none of the digits are correct, "pico" if a digit is correct but in the wrong place, and "fermi" if a digit is correct and in the right place. I try five times, and it types, "You got it."

Bob Albrecht runs this workshop. It's much like his People's Computer Center in Menlo Park, which, he hopes, will be a prototype for setting up "friendly neighborhood computer centers" everywhere. "We'd like people to think of us as the local bowling alley —a place to come have fun," says Albrecht. What about the schools? Another workshop leader says nearly a million students in grade school and high school are now getting some part of their education from computers. "A computer can respond moment by moment to the fluctuations of a kid's curiosity," he says. "Kids can learn to program computers as early as fourth grade."

Folk dancing. "Zorba the Greek." Hand in hand, in a line growing longer each minute, people are twisting, kicking, shuffling, stomping, gaining boldness as the steps begin to feel right. It's an odd-looking, ragged sort of line —with some dancers three feet, others six feet, tall. Nearby a tiny flower of a girl sits alone in a cardboard chair, rocking quietly.

How, Not What, We Think. Workshop leader Linda Williams passes out a "problem." On the sheet is a drawing of a bunch of sticks lying on a table. Our task: to figure out which sticks are "level," which sticks "slope." Some of us do so easily; some sweat. Some finish quickly; some take a long time. Such time differences, Linda assures us, are functions of strategy rather than intelligence, and we discuss how we arrived at our solutions. One of us constructed a physical model of the sticks in his head; another worked things out

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mathematically. Some of us "leaped in"; some "held back." "If I get irrationally angry during an argument when I don't really care about the issue, then I know it's the process or strategy we're arguing about rather than the subject," says Linda. She is currently putting her ideas on process education into a book. Her message for teachers: get beneath the operational level to the process level in a student's problem solving. Find out *how* as well as *what* he thinks and then approach him.

"Help create the Loving Beast," says the sign. The beast is now two feet high and ever growing. I add a milk-carton "snout." A small coworker puts on some papier-mâché "hide."

Videotape Workshop. A young man with the fiery intensity of a recent convert is creating bizarre, often beautiful, kaleidoscopic images on a TV screen by pointing a studio camera at it. He's getting a picture of a TV screen inside a TV screen inside a TV screen inside a TV screen . . . . Into the room stride a grinning boy and girl carrying a Sony "portapak," a video camera the size of a cigar box, and a five-pound recorder. They've been out filming the fair, even though they've never held such equipment until today. Workshop leader Suki Wilder, of Video Free America, says she's pushing for more use of the medium in schools: as a communications tool ("a student can set up a camera at his desk to show things from his point of view"); as a technological aid ("a biology teacher can show the whole class what's going on under his microscope"); for turning kids on ("kids who are really dunces in English really dig this"); for learning writing skills ("to work in video, you must organize, be clear, concise, specific").

Over by the mansion there's a white, futuristic-looking pod: inventor Eric Reiter's "Mobile Solar Workshop," whose solar cells charge batteries that power a saw/lathe within. Eric, a twenty-two-year-old whiz kid who hasn't gone past high school, also has some of his "musical sculptures" along . . . an electric bass guitar adorned with a representation of a big foot, a "drum cello," a modified version of an Indian sitar. "I thought I could improve on the ancients," says Eric.

The Creative Process. Adults only in this workshop. A handful of stubby crayons and a stack of paper are dropped in front of each of us. "Draw rapidly, without thinking or planning; bring the inside feelings out. When you're through with one, go on to the next," says Barbara Clark, workshop leader, a college art teacher. Next we use crayon to show how we feel in a "place we like to be." "Stand up; let yourself go!" cries Barbara. We scribble frantically. Some of us giggle with joy; others remain reserved, drawing slowly, almost methodically. Next we carry on a conversation with our neighbor—in crayon—and when we've said all we can in crayon, we continue in words. Then we're given clay. "Work it; and when a shape takes form under your hands, go with it," she says. We do. Barbara's message: In the creative process "getting there is more than half the fun; it's the whole trip."

A blind woman is sitting at a table, reading a magazine. She is using an Optacon, a machine that gives an instantaneous, tactile image of any printed material, letter by letter. As the Optacon's eye passes over the letter O, I reach inside its dark compartment and feel a circle of vibrating dots.

Bead Game Music. We begin by constructing cardboard wheels with twelve spokes; on each spoke is a red, blue, yellow, or green bead. It's a musical abacus: push some beads out to the rim and you've got a chord. "This is a way of visualizing twelve-tone music so you know what it's going to sound like as you write it," says Peter Lynn Sessions, Zephyros member, a computer scientist and former rock musician. "With the bead game an absolute beginner can learn to compose twentieth-century music."

On the screen a boy is shot. He tumbles to the ground, rolls over and over, then lies still. The film's a bit shaky, but this sequence and others are powerful. It was conceived, cast, directed, photographed, and edited by students at Pen School. And so were all the other films being screened here. Pen School art director Paula Fieldhouse breaks children into film at the kindergarten level. Even now some children are sitting outside the screening room, drawing pictures that will be transferred to film. And two girls are inking peace symbols on film strips, frame by frame.

Gestalt Smorgasbord. People sitting in a circle on big pillows, staring at each other or trying to look contemplative or cracking one liners. We look to Gestalt therapists Peter Rogers and Judy Bell for guidance. "We have no program," they repeat. "We're all just here." Finally, a middle-aged woman takes off on what seems to be a "Gestalt trip," questioning her conflicting desires to be young and not young. On and on she goes. Tears streaming down her face, she stops, looks at us, and beams. "I feel so warm inside now," she says. Rogers and some kids wrestle on the pillows.

At the potter's wheel a small boy sits on a woman's lap, and together (his hands on hers) they shape a pot. As the clay is brought up, he sucks in his breath; as the clay is pressed down, he lets it out.

Sunflower Source. Mike Young, who looks as if he weighs 180 pounds, leaps onto a cardboard table and jumps up and down. It holds firm. The demonstration is Mike's way of advertising the strength of tri-wall—a three-layered, corrugated cardboard. Close by, a young woman is using an electric saw to cut out a table top in the shape of a dolphin. Someone else carries away a new easel. Mike runs a resource center for teachers ("Sunflower Source") that carries tri-wall, toys, and other supplies for schools." Using tri-wall, Mike says, kids can make themselves what they use in their own classrooms. "Teachers have got to get the hell out of the abstract and into the physical so the kids can see." I decide to make three bookcases. That'll take two sheets of tri-wall at $2.55 a sheet.

Graffiti scrawled on the "I wish" wall: "I wish this was 1947 and Pen School was in Marshall, Illinois, and I was going to it."

While I am still cutting up bookshelves, the fair comes to its close. I am reluctant to leave it, and I realize why: I have reopened doors into ways of learning that I had shut or that had been closed upon me years ago.

For I am a product of that educational process by which we are systematically and deliberately weaned away from what Jerome Bruner called the "left-handed" (visual, intuitive, imaginative) and toward the "right-handed" (verbal, rational, logical), that process which separates one kind of learning from another and rates each in terms of its usefulness to society and not to the individual.

That may be changing now in many schools for many younger children. But we adults and older children need support, encouragement, what Barney Young called "loosening up," to open the doors again—to realize that a variety of "life games" are equally important parts of our education. And that sort of encouragement a "learning fair" can provide. At Peninsula's fair the children were there as our guides, making creativity look natural and easy as pie. We learned from them that weekend. But for me it was only a start. □

I had reopened doors into ways of learning that I had shut or that had been closed upon me for years.

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The University Leader

BY WARREN BENNIS

Riding a white horse? I'll settle for a dray horse, even one ready for the glue works.

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Before Clark Kerr went through the revolving presidential door at Berkeley, he defined the modern multiversity president's job. It was, he said, to provide "sex for the students, football for the alumni, and parking for the faculty." Eight years later, after my own maiden year as president of the University of Cincinnati—whose 36,104 students make it the largest urban multiversity in the country after New York City's—I can report:

- The parking problem is worse.
- College football is being energetically chased by man-eating tigers (in our case the Bengals).
- Sex is so taken for granted as to rate no priority.

If the problems change, however, they grow no fewer. All of them, whether from outside the university or from within it, no matter how trivial or irrelevant, wind up on the president's desk. Throughout my first year the mere job of clearing it often kept me there until the small hours—far longer than what I accomplished seemed to justify. I appreciated more than ever the pertinence of Herman B. Wells's observation, after leaving Indiana's presidency, that a college president should be born with "the physical stamina of a Greek athlete, the cunning of a Machiavelli, the wisdom of a Solomon, the courage of a lion, if possible," but above all, with "the stomach of a goat."

As, goatlike, I chew the ruminative cud of that first year's academic detritus, I think I begin to understand why so many first-class men, often the finest and the best, decide to quit the presidential chair before they have scarcely warmed it, staying in some cases less time than it took the search committee to find them.

My moment of truth came toward the end of my first ten months. It was one of those nights in the office. The clock was moving toward four in the morning, and I was still not through with the incredible mass of paper stacked before me. I was bone weary and soul weary, and I found myself muttering, "Either I can't manage this place, or it's unmanageable." I reached for my calendar and ran my eyes down each hour, half-hour, quarter-hour, to see where my time had gone that day, the day before, the month before.

Nobel laureate James Franck has said he always recognizes a moment of discovery by "the feeling of terror that seizes me." I felt a trace of it that morning. My discovery was this: *I had become the victim of a vast, amorphous, unwitting, unconscious conspiracy to prevent me from doing anything whatever to change the university's status quo.* Even those of my associates who fully shared my hopes to set new goals, new directions, to work transforming and creative change were unconsciously often doing the most to make sure that I would never find the time to begin it. I found myself thinking of a friend and former colleague who had taken over one of our top universities with goals and plans that fired up all those around him and who said when he left a few years later: "I never could get around to doing the things I wanted to do."

This discovery, or rediscovery, has led me to formulate what might be called Bennis's First Law of Academic Pseudodynamics, to wit: Routine work drives out nonroutine work, or: how to smother to death all creative planning, all fundamental change in the university—or *any* institution.

This insight also gave me the strength I needed to get through the year. All my academic training and a great deal of its practical application as a consultant to business and other organizations had concerned the rational development of managerial strengths and the tactics and strategy for their optimal use. Now I was being confronted with the acid test: whether I, as a "leading theorist" of the principles of creative leadership, actually could prove myself a leader. I resolved that in the year ahead I would either do so or confess that I had better go back to the classroom to develop some better theory.

But first, some illustrations of the First Law. To start, there are 150 letters in the day's mail that require a response. About fifty of them concern our young dean of the School of Education, Hendrik Gideonse. Gideonse's job is to bring about change in the teaching of teachers, in our university's relationship to the public schools and to students in the deprived and deteriorating neighborhood around us. Out of these urban schools will come the bulk of our students of the future—as good or as bad as the schools have shaped them.

But the letters. They're not about education—they're about a baby, the dean's ten-week-old son. Gideonse feels very strongly about certain basic values. He feels especially so about sex roles, about equality for his wife, about making sure she has the time and freedom to develop her own potentials fully. So he's been carrying the baby into his office two days a week in a little bassinet, keeping him on his desk while he does his work. The daily *Enquirer* heard about all this, took a picture of Hendrik, baby, and bassinet, and played it on page one. TV splashed it across the nation—and my "in" basket has been overflowing ever since with letters that urge his arrest, or merely his immediate dismissal. My only public comment was that we're a tax-supported institution and if Hendrik can engage in this form of applied humanism and still accomplish the things we both want done in education, then, like Lincoln with Grant's whiskey, I'd gladly send him several new babies for adoption. Nevertheless, Hendrik's baby is eating up quite a bit of my time.

Here's a note from a professor, complaining that his classroom temperature is down to 65; I suppose he expects me to grab a wrench and fix it. A student complains we won't give him course credit for acting as assistant to a city councilman. Another was unable to get into the student health center. The teacher at my child's day school, who also goes to UC, is dissatisfied with her grades. A parent complains about four-letter words in a Philip Roth book being used in an English class. The track coach wants me to come over to see for myself how bad the track is. An alumnus couldn't get the football seat he wanted. Another wants a coach fired. A teacher just called to tell me the squash court was closed at 7 p.m., when he wanted to use it.

A number of letters concern the rising rate of felonies on campus. We have 4,000 students living in high-rise dorms around the campus. As they grow more affluent and have more things to steal and as the neighborhood around us deteriorates still more, the rise in crime becomes frightening. Now the dorms can be entered only with a key after midnight, but here's a letter complaining that a girl could be raped while hunting for her key. And so it goes.

Last year perhaps 20 per cent of my time was taken up by a problem at the General Hospital. It is city owned but is administered by the university and serves as the teaching hospital of our medical school. Some terminal cancer patients, with their consent, had been subjected to whole-body radiation as possibly beneficial therapy. Since the Pentagon saw this as a convenient way to gather data that might help protect civilian populations in nuclear warfare, it provided a series of subsidies for the work. When this story broke and was pursued in such a way as to call up comparisons with the Nazis' experiments on human guinea pigs, it became almost impossible for me or anybody else to separate the essential facts from the fantasized distortions. The problem, hopefully, has subsided (after a blue-ribbon task force recommended significant changes in the experiment's design). But I have also invested endless time in a matter only vaguely related to the prime purposes of our university—and wound up being accused by some of interfering with academic free-

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Warren Bennis, an authority on organization development, is the president of the University of Cincinnati. His newest book, The Leaning Ivory Tower *(Jossey-Bass), will be published in January.*

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dom. Together with the story of Hendrik's baby, the episode illustrates how the media, particularly TV, make the academic cloister a global village in a goldfish bowl. By focusing on the lurid or the superficial, they can disrupt a president's proper activities, while contributing nothing to the advancement of knowledge.

This leads me to Bennis's Second Law of Academic Pseudodynamics: Make whatever grand plans you will, you may be sure the unexpected or the trivial will disturb and disrupt them.

What "grand plans"—what fundamental change, what creative reshaping of the university's goals and purposes—should I (and other presidents) be making? In order to see where we are going, it may be helpful, as Lincoln suggested, to see first where we are.

Higher education is now at a great, historic watershed—what Clark Kerr has aptly called "Climacteric II." The first climacteric was that great period of growth between 1870 and 1900, following on the Morrill Act, establishing land-grant colleges. But the growth following World War II was simply staggering. The wartime baby boom flooded campuses with an ever-increasing influx of students. Blank checks from federal and other subsidies flooded them with seemingly limitless resources for expansion. Since 1941, when my own board chairman joined the trustees, she has seen its budget rise from $3 million to $120 million; its student body increased in the Sixties alone by 75 per cent, its faculty by 96 per cent, its space by 300 per cent.

For administrators growth became its own object, without form, plan, or coherence. "Management by addition" added programs much as a supermarket stocks its shelves, taking any grab bag that offered funds, without thought for its relevance to teaching and knowledge or for its consequences. Sheer, monstrous size became higher education's Achilles' heel. The excess credentialism of employers, abetted by witless counselors and demanding parents, jammed campuses with millions of students who did not really want to be there, were all dressed up with no place to go, and who often treated college as two more years of high school—with ash trays. The growing impersonality of multiversities brought first apathy, then anomie, then alienation—flaring into the 1964 Berkeley demonstrations and the Columbia riots and culminating in the 1970 Kent State–Cambodia crisis.

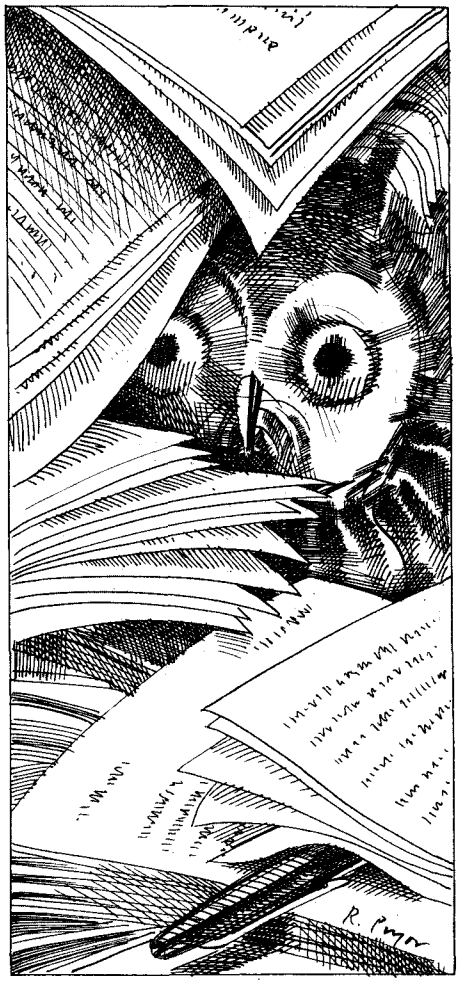
Now the merry-go-round is over, the music has stopped, and the piper must be paid.

Our overgrown universities are confronted with a sharp decline in the number of customers (high school graduates), and the rate of decline will sharpen. The public increasingly demands that higher education earn its future support by proving that its products have some direct relation to the job needs of the society. Where formerly six new faculty members were hired for every one who died or retired, now the ratio is only one to one and may grow less. In the next decade scores of small, private colleges may go under for lack of funds. Others, stifled by a tenure system, watch their faculties grow older and less flexible while angry, frustrated, younger teachers find themselves the captives of dwindling mobility, fewer job offerings, and less chance for advancement on merit.

All our major institutions, but particularly the university, are afflicted with a threefold sense of loss: loss of community, loss of purpose, and loss of power.

Perhaps there was never a true "university community" any more than a Camelot. But the image does suggest a time when professors recognized their colleagues on sight and could even remember the name of a senior who asked for a recommendation to a graduate school. Today the faculty, once unified by a common definition of the nature and purposes of scholarship, is fragmented into competing professional citadels. Many have shifted their concern from the intellectual and moral content of education to privilege and ritual.

Either I can't manage this place, or it's unmanageable.



Students in the multiversity find very little real personal contact or summoning call of the spirit. The real enemy is not anarchy but apathy. Alumni, too, are estranged; many of the older are outraged by the weird sea changes of the campus they remember, while the younger feel no affectionate bond for the institution. And the greatest loss of community, the greatest estrangement, is among the general public—the citizens and parents and their mirror images in legislatures and Congress—on whom the very life of public institutions depends and who are no longer at all sure it is a life worth saving.

With the loss of community has come the loss of power. For example, at Cincinnati we have not only a faculty senate and a student senate but sixty-nine other committees that are involved, in one way or another, in university governance—including a junior faculty committee, a black faculty committee, and a Jewish faculty council. (In all fairness I must note that despite the difficulties in touching base with all these groups they all have tried to cooperate with, and be supportive of, my administration.) Vast splintering and fragmentation arise from the new populism of those who felt denied in the past and who, rightly, want to be consulted in those decisions that affect them. All this is supposed to add up to "participatory democracy" but adds up, instead, to a cave of the winds where the most that can usually be agreed upon is to do nothing (like the bumper sticker "My Vote Cancels Yours").

As for the purposes of higher education, they became blurred indeed in the quarter-century of postwar expansion. As long as the money poured in and the sky was the limit, there was no visible need to choose between and among programs. One inevitable result was that each university and college began to resemble all the others, becoming a sort of service station from which a student could pluck what he wanted. Now, as the flow of resources and students dries up, colleges and universities are forced for the first time to determine what is essential and what is expendable. A tangle of commitments that were none too purposefully acquired now demands what I call "creative retraction"—a task made all the more difficult and painful by the haphazard, heedless way that Topsy grew.

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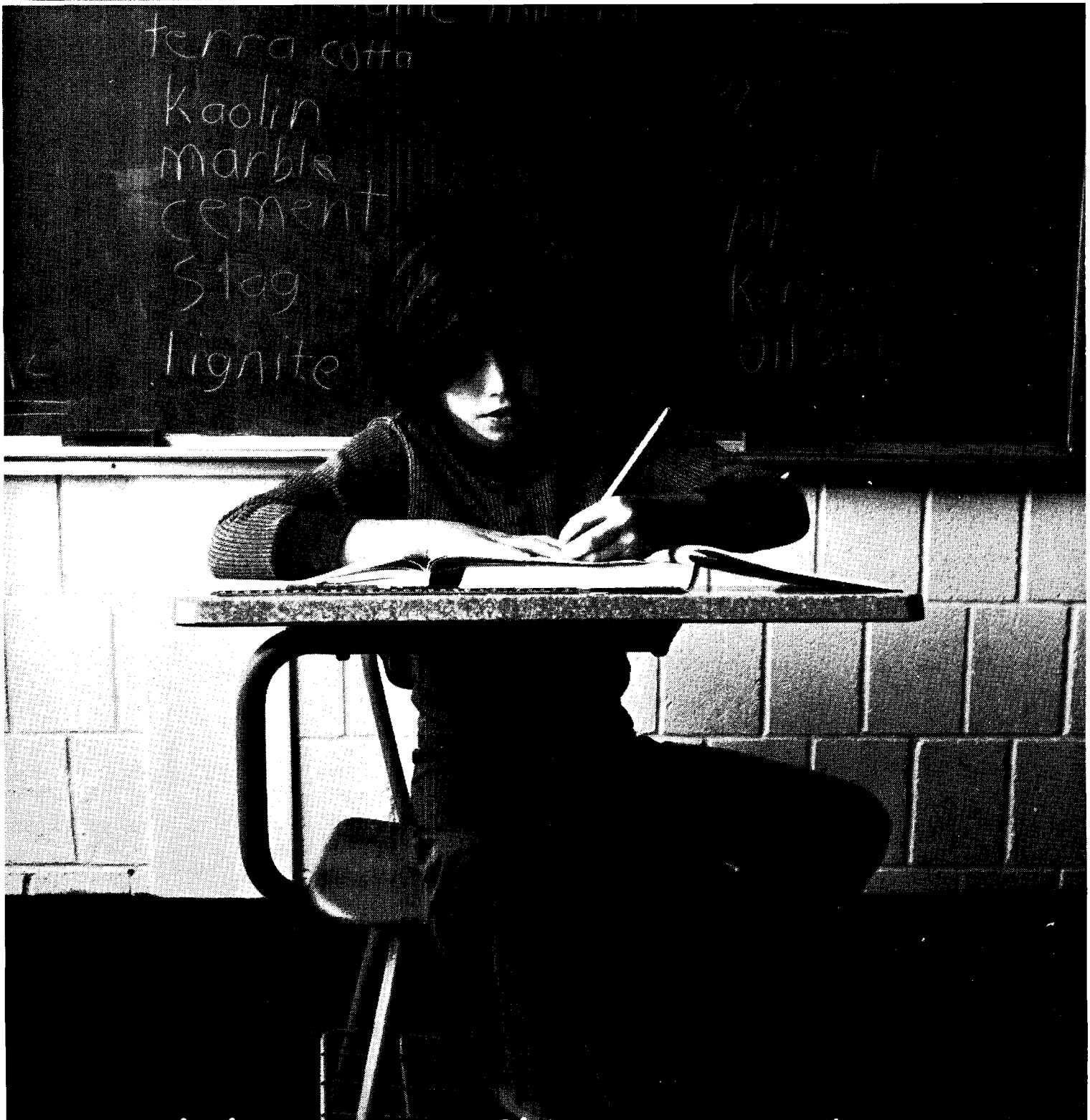

This is Christopher. He's in the 4th, 5th and 7th grades.

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Christopher is like a lot of kids his age.

He does about average in one subject (in his case, it's math). He's a little below average in another (science). And in one (English), he's far superior to almost everyone in his class.

Under the traditional system of education, Christopher's development would suffer. He would do as well as most of his classmates in math. He would struggle behind them in science. And he'd be hopelessly bored with his English lessons.

That's because under the traditional system Christopher's teacher would teach the entire class as if they were capable of learning at the same rate.

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If he has learned the material, he goes on to something more advanced. If he hasn't learned it, he restudies only the parts he has missed. So there is no feeling of failure in the normal sense of the word. Only of achievement.

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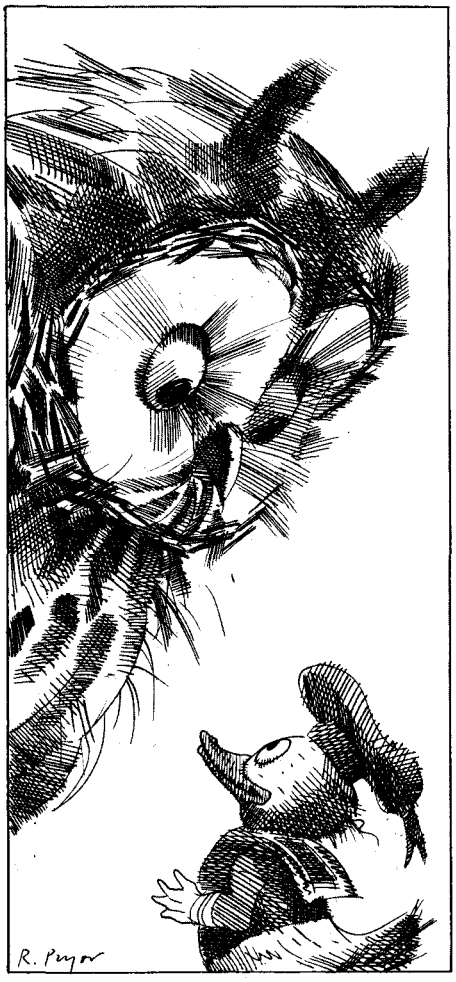
Unquestionably, universities are among the worst-managed institutions in the country. Hospitals and some state and city administrations may be as bad; no business or industry except Penn Central can possibly be. One reason, incredibly enough, is that universities —which have studied everything from government to Persian mirrors and the number 7—have never deeply studied their own administration.

The University of Cincinnati, with a staff of 6,000, is the second largest employer (after General Electric) in Greater Cincinnati. It is in the hotel business (high-rise dorms housing 4,000 students), the restaurant business (ten, all told), the investment business (a $53-million endowment portfolio), and must manage a total plant bigger than many utilities.

Its situation is complicated because it is extremely labor-intensive (instructional compensation is 84 per cent of the budget) and extremely vulnerable to inflation (our costs rise at an annual rate of 12 per cent, versus inflation's recent average of 4 per cent). And, unlike industry, it has not increased "productivity" (only the construction industry matches education's failure to increase its productivity in twenty-five years). It is complicated further by being almost uniquely "flat" in its managerial structure. That structure is not "transitive," as it is in business, where executives can expect an orderly rise from step one to step two as their experience and abilities merit. In the university the final locus of power is really the individual professor, who can be "transitive" only to the extent of heading his department; he advances along a *competence* hierarchy, not a *power* hierarchy—one that confers influence and status but not the ability to issue orders or to confer emoluments. In sum, it is society's closest realization of the pure model of anarchy; i.e., the locus of decision making is the individual.

This is the cat's cradle in which university presidents are presently enmeshed. The crisis calls for leadership, but leaders aren't leading. They're consulting, pleading, temporizing, martyrizing, trotting, putting out fires, either avoiding or taking the heat, and spending too much energy in doing both. They've got sweaty palms, and they're scared. One reason is that many of them don't have the faintest concept of what leadership is all about. Like Auden's captain, they are studying navigation while the ship is sinking.

In my moment of truth, that weary 4 a.m. in my trivia-cluttered office, and in the reflective hours of the following summer, I began trying to straighten out in my own mind what the university president should be doing and not doing, what his true priorities should be, how he must lead.



Make whatever grand plans you will, you may be sure the trivial will disrupt them.

Lead, not *manage*. There is an important difference. Many an institution is very well managed and very poorly led. It may excel in the ability to handle each day all the routine inputs—yet may never ask whether the routine should be done at all.

Frequently, as I have noted, my best, most enthusiastic deputies were unwittingly keeping me from working any fundamental change. One, for example, was wheedling me into a personal "liaison" visit to the manager of a huge, new governmental complex that will be our neighbor. I was about to do this, but the lesson from my moment of truth intervened. "Look," I said, "if I go, all I will hear are things he is going to want from the provost, from the librarian, and so on. I will have to come back and relay this to them. I may not do so nearly as clearly or persuasively as he would firsthand; furthermore, they might be less cooperative."

All of us find ourselves acting on routine problems because they are the easiest things to do; we hesitate to get involved too early in the bigger ones—we collude, as it were, in the unconscious conspiracy to immerse us in routine. In the past year I have talked with many new presidents of widely ranging enterprises, and each one has told me the biggest mistake he made was to take on too much, as if proving oneself depended on providing instant solutions and success was dependent on immediate achievements.

My entrapment in routine made me realize another thing. People were following the old army game. They did not want to take the responsibility, or bear the consequences, of decisions they properly should make. The motto was "Let's push up the tough ones." The consequence was that everybody and anybody was dumping his "wet babies" (as the State Department old hands call them) on my desk, when I had neither the diapers nor the information to take care of them.

So I have decided the president's first priority—the sine qua non of effective leadership—is to create around him an "executive constellation" to run the office of the president. It can be a mixed bag—some of them vice-presidents, some presidential assistants. All of them must be compatible in the sense that they can work together but neither uniform nor conformist in the sense of yes men—they will be men who know *more* than the president does about everything within their areas of competency and can attend to them without dropping their wet babies on his desk. They must be people who take very seriously the functions of the office of the president. They ask what those functions are now and what they should be. They ask what various individuals want to do, are motivated to do, and are competent to do. And they try to work out the "fit."

What should the president himself do? He should be a *conceptualist*. That's something more than being just an "idea man." It means a leader with entrepreneurial vision and the time to spend thinking about the forces that will affect the destiny of his institution. He must educate the trustees so they not only understand the necessity of distinguishing between leadership and management but also can protect the chief executive from getting enmeshed in routine machinery. If he fails to do this, the trustees will collude with the other constituencies to enmesh him—be more concerned about putting out fires than considering whether the building is worth saving.

The leader must create for his institution clear-cut and measurable goals, based on advice from all elements of the community. He must be allowed to proceed toward those goals without

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being crippled by bureaucratic machinery that saps his strength, energy, and initiative. He must be allowed to take risks, to embrace error, to use his creativity to the hilt and encourage faculty and students to use theirs.

Man on a white horse? Some would say so. But consider the situation of the President of the United States, as Richard Neustadt portrays it: "Underneath our images of Presidents-in-boots, astride decisions, are the half-observed realities of Presidents-in-sneakers, stirrups in hand, trying to induce particular department heads, or Congressmen, or Senators, to climb aboard."

I don't want to ride a white horse. I'll settle for a dray horse, even one ready for the glue works. All I want to do is to get one foot in the stirrup.

Assuming I can do so, what goals would I wish to shape, what directions would I offer to help make the university control events, rather than, as in the past, being controlled by them? Here are a few, necessarily brief, daubs at the future's canvas.

Outside the university more educational consortia are needed, perhaps spanning entire regions and embracing public and private institutions alike. In addition, we must establish a direct, and seminal, relation with the public schools around us, and with the deteriorating neighborhoods where they chiefly cluster.

Within the university reforms often talked about must, in fact, be carried out. For one thing, faculty tenure must be taken seriously—and by that I mean systematic evaluation of performance, something that has rarely been done. Tenure was never meant to shield incompetence but rather to give a strong measure of economic security in order to protect academic freedom. For another thing, we will have to increase "efficiency." New techniques are available, from computerized instruction to cable TV. For still another thing, all top administrators, including the president, should be placed on term appointments. Let the leader lead; if he doesn't move the institution measurably toward agreed-upon goals within a certain number of years, oust him.

Above and beyond the set of problems such actions would help to solve lies a larger set. It relates to the nature of work in our society. To begin with, more and more of our well-educated young are eager to enter into some occupation related to the "management of human services." (A majority of students at the top 100 universities, according to a recent Office of Education report, indicate that's what they want to do.) At the same time there is a growing need for these services among the poor, the old, the infirm, and all those people left, not "beyond the melting pot," but behind it. We seem to have no viable mechanism for bringing those individuals with the talent and the drive to help together with those individuals who require such help. What's needed is some new social invention, equivalent to Henry Ford's assembly line, that will create an appropriate mechanism for this badly needed fusion.

Universities can help. But as matters stand now, interested students have a fairly difficult time in finding the sorts of curriculums or "majors" that would enable them to learn about the art and science of the development, delivery, and management of human services. At least, they seem to find the university not altogether congenial or forthcoming in this area. Yet, in any case, by 1980 fully 75 per cent of the American labor force will be working in "service" activities, many of them carried on by giant public institutions (in education, health, welfare, and so on).

In the light of these facts what should we be doing?

We should create more cooperative (work-study) educational programs. They should embrace not only departments and colleges that have traditionally used them, such as business, engineering, and architectural design, but those that haven't. I mean, of course, the departments most responsible for general, or liberal, education, usually found in the arts and sciences.

We should create co-op programs for faculty, too. Especially in the professional areas faculty would profit enormously by sustained experience as practitioners in their areas of competence. Indeed, rather than the stale fad of "interdisciplinary" teaching or research, it might be wiser to create opportunities for faculty to engage in "metadisciplinary" work—that is, work in the occupational sector related or potentially related to their discipline. Professors of education, of business, of sociology, of political science, would not only profit personally and professionally from such experiences but would eventually add to the body of knowledge that defines their "fields."

Changes are being made, though not rapidly enough in my view, to create carefully chosen experimental components (not just co-op jobs) that would augment the theoretical/cognitive/abstract side of education. Medical schools manage (sometimes clumsily, but nevertheless they manage) to provide a system that combines classroom work and clinical apprenticeship.

Two-year colleges, despite their popularity and enormous growth over the past decade and a half, must concern themselves with the general traditions of the sciences, humanities, and social sciences. We've produced enough "trained idiots," enough specialists with a "trained incapacity." Segmented education, without the ability to make the right connections between scientific, humanistic, and sociocultural concerns, helps to create segmented and compartmentalized people, when we desperately need generalists. We can't afford in our two-year colleges to educate a "technostructure" without this base, any more than we can in our four-year colleges. All of this means that our educational "futures," to use the jargon of the day, must once again pay special attention to the arts, to the sciences, to the humanities—in short, to a really vital and integrated liberal education. Against the pressures of a totally utilitarian education, this voice must not only be protected but amplified.

In order to keep our huge university physical plants at full capacity as well as to add badly needed tuition dollars, industry and government should create minisabbaticals for their people. Many employees could profit both themselves and their sponsoring organizations through advanced studies, or simple "repotting," or some other form of continuing education.

It isn't only for economic reasons that this "new clientele" should be encouraged. (At the present time it is anything but encouraged; try calling your local college or university to ask how to register as a part-time student in order to take one graduate course during the day.) It's just possible that "older people" (over twenty-five) may enrich and animate our campuses in a way that hasn't occurred since the golden days of the GI Bill of Rights. It's just possible that people with work experience, plus commitment to learning, will turn out to be the best students we've ever had. It's just possible that age diversity may be as exciting as ethnic and religious diversity (and perhaps more so—I suspect that there will be far greater integration among the ages than has yet arrived among the races). I've never yet read a novel in which at least three generations didn't play a role; that may soon prove to be true for higher education as well.

In sum, I believe that changes in higher education during the Seventies will come about not merely for the sake of change but rather for the sake of humanity. Without, however, a thorough understanding of the processes of change, the leadership needs of universities, and the social architecture of such multifaceted, giant educational institutions, we all might just as well continue to work diligently on blue-ribbon "task force" committees. Nothing insures the status quo so much as putting the best minds and best talents on these task forces. For their reports continue to get better as our problems get worse. □

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Hansel & Gretel

BY ARTHUR PEARL

Hansel and Gretel lived with their father, Fred, and stepmother, Mary, in a neat little suburb where houses looked much like each other and lawns were well manicured and dogs were big, friendly, and obedient—which was more than could be said of the children! Hansel and Gretel's father wasn't poor; he had a good job that required his presence five days a week for eight hours a day, and he worked very hard, and he had his own secretary and a key to the men's room and was on a cordial first-name relationship with the vice-president.

Unfortunately, however, he owed everybody money. The nice, neat, manicured house he lived in would be paid for after 303 more easy payments. His first wife agreed to be warm, friendly, and cordial; in exchange she received a sizable portion of his monthly check. The new car he drove would be his in thirty-one more payments; the old car his wife drove would be his in seven more payments (but it was getting pretty run-down and would probably run out before he could claim it). But money wasn't his biggest problem—Hansel and Gretel were. They did not like school. It was dull, irrelevant, dreary, and dumb. Hansel's teacher was "icky"; Gretel's was downright mean. As a result, the children grew distant, hostile, moody, unhappy, and even got into trouble. But Hansel and Gretel's stepmother was young, together, and hip. She was not caught up in "things"—she wasn't trapped by middle-class values.

So one day she came home with some terrific news. She had discovered an alternative school—a school deep in the woods where exciting things occurred. There were ecological projects in the wilderness; there were art and music and theater and rap sessions; it was a place where children made things and went on field trips. She asked the children, would they like to go there? Hansel and Gretel were insistent, and they promised everything—they even promised to be good if they were allowed to go to the new, exciting alternative school. That night, after Hansel and Gretel went to bed, Fred and Mary talked about the new school. Fred protested, and the more Fred protested, the more Mary insisted. Fred said it cost too much money and, second, it seemed like giving in to the children and, third, he was afraid of such a loose, permissive place. But Mary was persuasive and pointed out that the children were not doing well in traditional school and if they kept it up they were going to get into serious trouble, and Fred finally agreed.

So early the very next morning Mary, Hansel, and Gretel drove to the new school. It was exciting! "Wow!" said Hansel; "Far out!" said Gretel. The school was tucked into a lovely little setting of woods surrounded by wild flowers, and while it was made of redwood, it looked like it was made of gingerbread, cake, and sugar. Children were running inside and outside, and teachers were running with them, and everybody looked like they were happy. Above the door of the new school was inscribed the motto: "Man was born free, and everywhere he is in chains." "Wow!" said Hansel; "Far out!" said Gretel. The children walked into the of-

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Arthur Pearl, chairman of the Committee on Education at the University of California, Santa Cruz, is the author of The Atrocity of Education (*Dutton*).

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fice of the headmaster, whose name was Thomas Superwitch, who welcomed the children by saying that he was "Tom," and he told the children, as he sat on the corner of his desk and puffed on his pipe, about the philosophy of the school. "This school is for you to have fun, and all your teachers are here to be your friends and help you have fun. There are no tests, no grades, no lectures—students can do almost anything they want." "Far out!" said Hansel; "Wow!" said Gretel. Hansel and Gretel were then introduced to one of their teachers, John Holtwitch—who told them to call him "John," and they did. And John said, "What would you like to do? The one thing we want you to know here is that there is no way you can fail—there is no way anybody can fail—so what do you want to do?" So Hansel and Gretel said that they would like to go out there and play with the sheep and milk the yak and do all the wonderful things that other kids were doing out in the yard. And John said, "Fine." He said, "Anything you want to do is fine with me as long as you don't hurt yourself and don't hurt others." And they promised they wouldn't hurt anybody, and off they ran to join the others. Hansel and Gretel thought they were in paradise. They thought the desks they sat in were just like soft, feathery beds to sleep in and the classes every morning to every afternoon were just like having creamy milk to drink and rosy apples and honey cake to eat. And John Holtwitch seemed to want them to eat and think and do good things, and he would never accept any thanks. He said, "You please me best if you do as much of what you like and as much of what you want to do. There is nothing I like better than to see happy little boys and happy little girls."

And Hansel and Gretel would go home and tell their parents about the great school, and they would bring back various little things that they had made, and they would talk about the rap sessions they had had about Vietnam and racism and things like that. And they would talk about the plays they had been in, and even Fred had to admit that the school seemed like a good thing, and everything seemed to be going well, and the fact that he had found a peculiar little wrinkled, brown cigarette-looking thing in Hansel's room didn't bother him too much, and the fact that Gretel seemed to be a little bit more distant and a little bit all wrapped up in herself more than she used to be didn't bother him too much because they weren't getting into trouble. And the fact that the school was maybe a little expensive didn't bother him too much because they weren't getting into trouble.

John was not the only teacher they had. *All* of the teachers turned them on—which was their sole criterion for teaching excellence (more and more in their own eyes Hansel and Gretel became electrical appliances). They talked about the other teachers—Neal Postwitch, who pointed out they didn't have to read. He was a "heavy dude," said Hansel. "For sure," said Gretel. There was George Denniwitch, who said that they didn't have to think about the future. He was a "heavy dude," said Gretel. "Really," said Hansel. There was yet another "heavy dude"—Bill Glasswitch, who turned them on because he said, "Humans are role-oriented, not goal-oriented," and had them sit in circles and discuss "heavy" things. And finally there was Ivan Illwitch, who said that there should be no schools at all, and he was a "very heavy dude," said Hansel and Gretel. "For sure," said Mary. And Fred said, "I have a headache," and went to bed—but it was worth it because the children didn't get in trouble.

Finally, the time came for graduation—what excitement, what joy, what a different kind of graduation!—students wore what they liked, and you never saw such an array of color and variety of clothes. The stage, where the children were garlanded with flowers, mostly wild, plucked from their natural origins near and not far from the school itself—and the smell of the flowers blended neatly with the aroma of those funny, brown cigarettes that most of the children smoked more openly now (and that made them somewhat different from kids in regular schools, who still did those kinds of things clandestinely). And although they were aware that they were violating the law, they didn't care because unjust laws did not need to be obeyed—and that was only one thing that they had learned at school.

Then came the final moment, and Tom Superwitch turned them on for the very last time—he recounted the great times that they had had together; he rode on excitedly with nostalgic metaphor, and they encouraged him in choruses of "ride on," and Hansel and Gretel rode on to attack the real world—of work, politics, leisure, culture, and personal encounters.

But they didn't go to work—work was dull, work was wrapped up with a "Protestant ethic" and middle-class values, work was a "rat race of bureaucracy," and, besides, work just helped the wealthy get wealthier. They didn't mind work, you understand, and if a good job came along, which turned them on and fulfilled them, they would take it in a minute. In the meantime they needed very little money, except for records and a subscription to *Rolling Stone* and organic foods and leather things and, of course, tickets to flicks and concerts. (Fred's headaches seemed to be getting worse, and even Mary's patience was wearing thin.)

Hansel and Gretel were political—make no mistake about that; they marched, they baited policemen, they chanted slogans and demonstrated (although, in truth, there were not too many demonstrations any more). They were too sophisticated for traditional politics—they weren't going to be sucked into supporting "bourgeois" liberals—and while they were as pure and uncorrupted as the organic food they ate, Presidents continued to preside, governors to govern, and legislators to legislate. And thus it was that even more hundreds of billions of dollars were appropriated for defense, taxes were paid by the poor to support the profit-making activities of the rich, the nonwhites (with whom Hansel and Gretel identified through concerned inactivity) continued to receive less than their fair share at home and abroad, and the environment that Hansel and Gretel loved continued to deteriorate.

In culture and leisure Hansel and Gretel, for all their school involvement, found little to enjoy. They strummed their guitars less and less; they dabbled with paints almost never at all. They never learned that hard work was important if one were ever to master anything.

They weren't good company either. They didn't like very many people, and not very many people liked them. They tended to be dull, self-centered, remote, and ill-tempered. They didn't belong to anything; they didn't contribute to anything.

And so it was that when Hansel and Gretel entered the real world, they were eaten up.

There is, however, something more to be said. Hansel and Gretel's counterparts—the children who stayed in regular schools—didn't fare too well either: they, too, found work adjustment difficult; they, too, were politically impotent; they, too, failed to contribute to cultural activities; they, too, had difficulty in belonging, contributing, and feeling competent.

And the parents of Hansel and Gretel and the parents of the children who went to regular schools—they, too, weren't doing too well. They, too, found work adjustment difficult; they, too, were politically impotent; they, too, failed to contribute culturally; and they, too, had difficulty belonging, contributing, and feeling competent.

So there you have it. Children educated in both traditional and open schools, and their parents, end up much the same. There must be a moral there someplace. □

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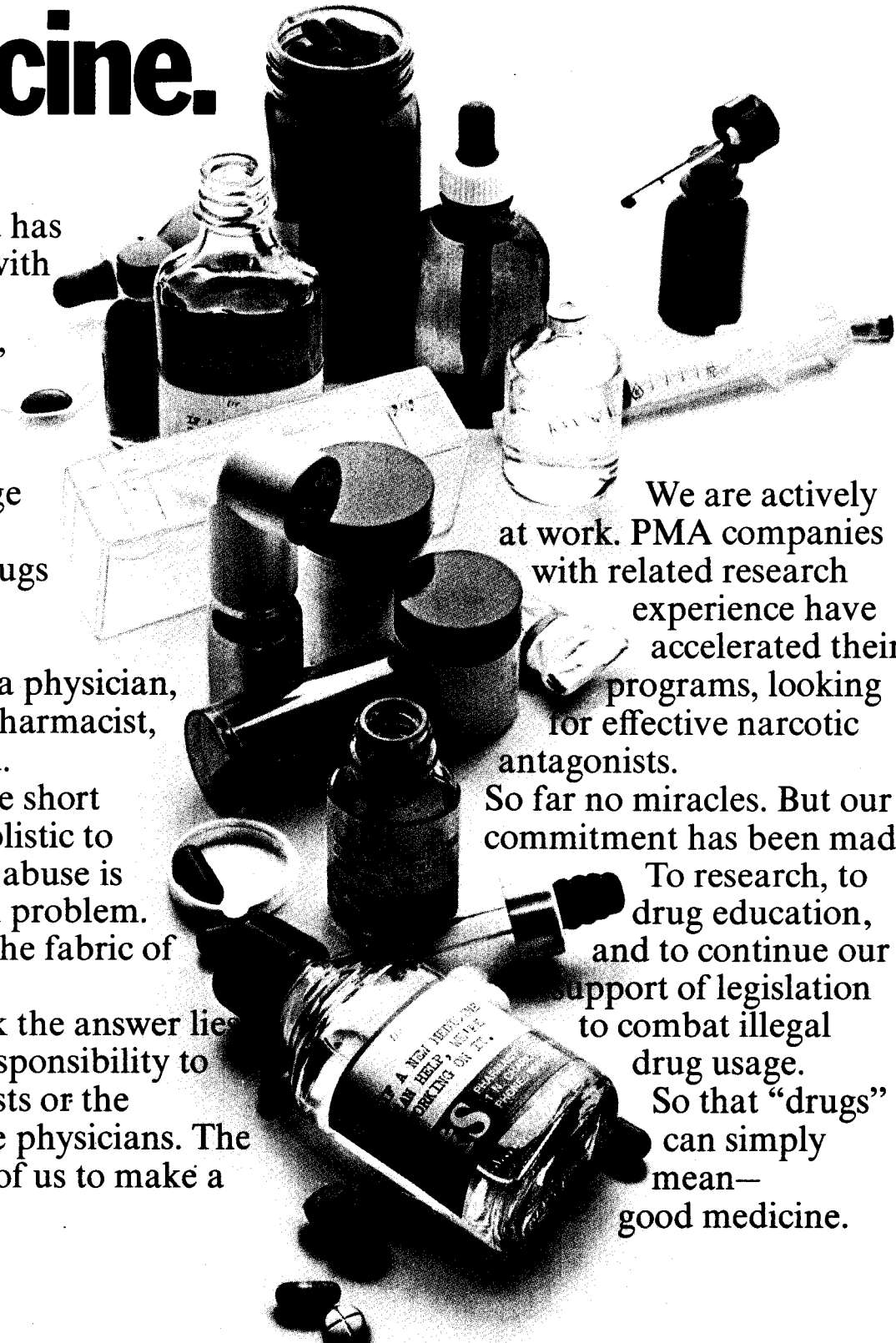

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Open Admissions: An Open-and-Shut Case?

BY KENNETH LIBO AND EDWARD STEWART

When the City University of New York announced that it would admit any New York City resident holding an accredited high school diploma dated 1970 or after, reaction ranged from enthusiastic approval to downright horror. The horrified had much to fear. CUNY's oldest member college, the City College of New York (CCNY), was founded as a free academy in 1847 "to offer the children of New York's less affluent families the opportunity to receive an education equivalent to that of those more fortunate." With most of its students drawn from New York's Jewish community, it could boast, by the turn of the century, of being a "poor man's Harvard." By 1940 Bertrand Russell could remark that "those who attended [CCNY] were practically all Catholics or Jews." He could not resist adding that "to the indignation of the former, practically all the scholarships went to the latter." Other city colleges—such as Hunter, Brooklyn, and Queens—followed in CCNY's footsteps by appealing to bright students, chiefly Jewish and white Catholic, with solid B averages or above. More recently CUNY has become a massive complex of eight community colleges, ten four-year colleges, and a graduate center. Now, the doubters wondered, was the university about to sacrifice all it had achieved in pursuit of an impractical ideal?

Open admissions, of course, is not a new concept. The public schools have been open to all since before the Civil War, and some public colleges have admitted virtually all applicants for more than eighty years. Where CUNY is unprecedented is in opening colleges with academic standards that are among the highest in the nation to students who have been getting the lowest grades. Since almost anyone in New York City who stays in school for twelve years can get a high school diploma, CUNY is in effect making admissions contingent upon one qualification: the desire for a college education. Consequently, the pessimists and the optimists suspect, college education might well go the way of high school and grade school: it might become open to all. This—like the specter of miscegenation behind talk of integration—is the lurking terror and hope behind the open-admissions controversy.

Who are the open-admissions students? Strictly speaking, under CUNY's new policy all students are open-admissions students. For purposes of classification, however, we shall refer to those who would not be admitted under CUNY's earlier admissions standards as open-admissions students and the remedial courses instituted for them as open-admissions courses.

In 1970 there were fifteen thousand open-admissions students, in 1971 twenty thousand, and for 1972 about the same number is projected (the breakdown is incomplete). CUNY, like other institutions caught between their democratic principles and the demands of aggrieved minorities, does not like to keep tabs for fear of seeming to keep quotas. Approximately 40 per cent of the open-admissions students, however, are black and Puerto Rican, the remainder being white, Oriental, and "other." Jewish enrollment in open-admissions courses rarely approaches the 10 per cent mark. These figures contrast with an overall university breakdown of 25.5 per cent black and Puerto Rican, 74.5 per cent white, Oriental, and other, and a Jewish enrollment that in certain colleges reaches 40 per cent. In 1971 incoming open-admissions students constituted about half of CUNY's total freshman population of 39,211. A random sampling indicates that the majority come from families earning well below the New York City 1970 median family income of $9,905. The open-admissions students thus appear to be more black and Puerto Rican, less Jewish, and substantially poorer than their fellow undergraduates.

By the early Sixties the changed complexion of New York's poor could no longer be ignored. Overwhelmingly they were black and Puerto Rican, and to an embarrassing extent their scholastic ability, as measured on high school records and achievement tests, fell wildly short of CUNY's entrance requirements. Rather than exclude these new poor in perpetuity from a college education, the Board of Higher Education —CUNY's central office—announced in 1964 that it would institute an open-admissions program in the fall of 1975.

In 1966, as a sort of miniature open admissions—and a miniature political concession — the board initiated the SEEK program (Search for Education, Elevation, and Knowledge). SEEK has enrolled more than eight thousand young people who would not have been admitted to CUNY's senior colleges before open admissions, has given them remedial courses, personal counseling and tutoring, and up to $50 weekly to offset potential income lost through time devoted to study. SEEK is the vanguard and in many respects the showcase of the open-admissions effort. With its comparatively lavish funding—$3,000 per pupil—and low pupil-counselor ratio—52 to 1 at City College—it is felt by its supporters to be the program most likely to alchemize New York City's poor into workable academic material. Any New Yorker from a designated poverty area who holds a high school diploma may apply, and members of the program are chosen by lot. SEEK's projected freshman enrollment for 1973–1974 is three thousand.

Though the racial effect of SEEK was to make the university a little blacker and more Puerto Rican—those groups comprised 19.7 per cent of the September 1969 entering freshman class as opposed to less than 10 per cent at SEEK's inception—those outside the university were still far from satisfied. In 1968 the black and Puerto Rican enrollment in the city's public schools was estimated at 54 per cent of total enrollment, while it was only 10.5 per cent at CUNY's senior colleges. In the spring of 1969, while a wave of college unrest and rioting swamped the nation, Harlem residents stormed and occupied City College, at that time a white-run, overwhelmingly nonblack citadel of education that had been engulfed by the spread of one of the largest, least educated, and most densely nonwhite communities in the nation. Their demands were straightforward: they wanted an education, and they wanted CUNY to give it to them.

The New York State legislature, wary of long hot summers, swiftly voted the minimum necessary appropriation; New York City, as was its obligation, matched funds; and the Board of Higher Education announced that it would initiate open admissions in the fall of 1970, a half-decade ahead of schedule.

From the beginning open admissions was short not only on funds but on planning. While in effect abolishing *admissions* standards, the board did not wish to abolish *academic* standards and as a compromise devised a system to maintain enclaves of higher standards within the new democratic university. All applicants with a high school diploma were guaranteed admission to a senior college or community college, depending on space. Students from the top half of their high school

Kenneth Libo teaches in the open-admissions program at City College of New York. Edward Stewart is a novelist and freelance writer.

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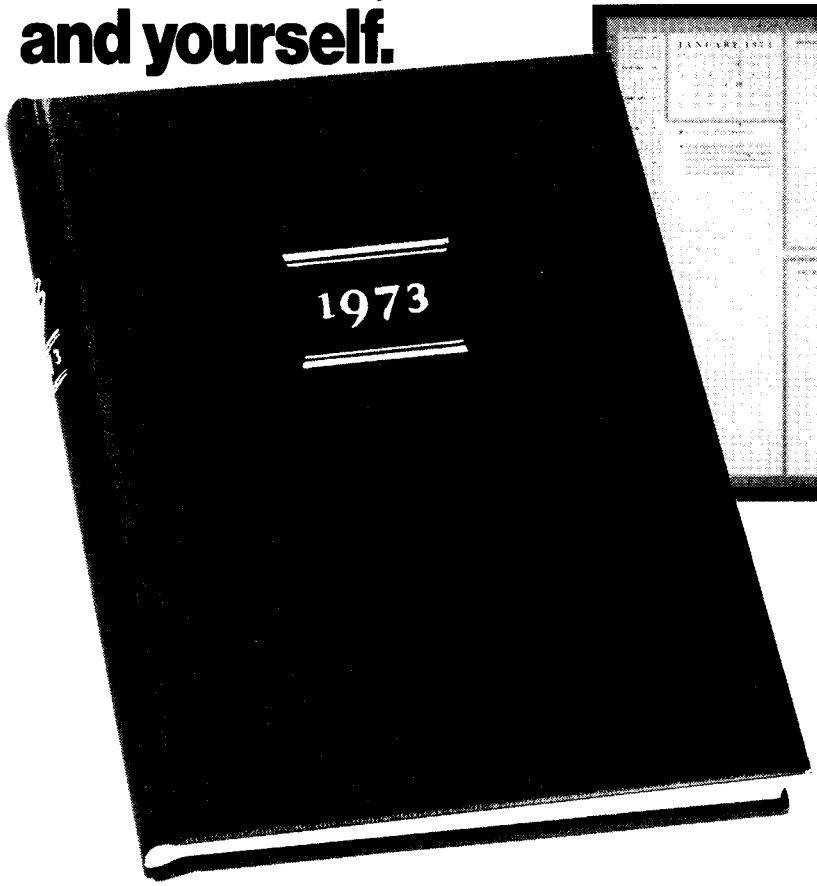

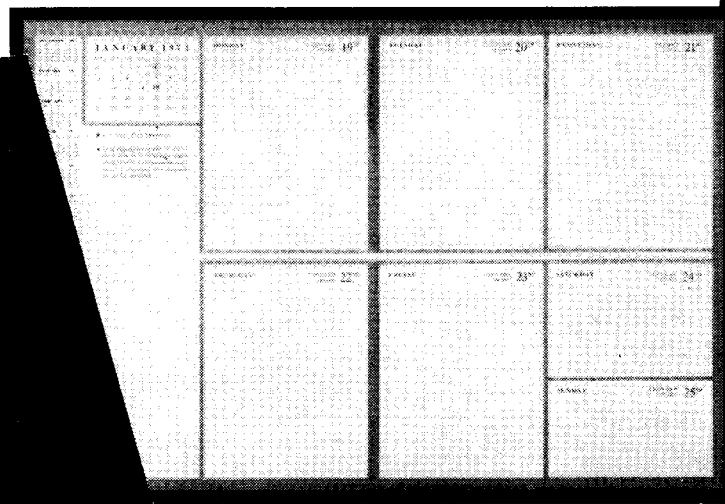

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class or those whose high school academic average was 80 per cent or better were guaranteed admission to a senior college, though not necessarily the college of their choice. Only students from the top third of their class or with averages of 85 per cent or better were guaranteed admission to the senior college of their choice. Thus, in theory, the two-year community colleges and the less prestigious senior colleges would serve as moats to keep mediocre students from overrunning CUNY's prize colleges.

At the same time CUNY was careful to lay some pretty broad bridges across the moats. The board was as terrified of de facto segregation as of lowered academic standards, and in the still segregated New York school system, to be black or Puerto Rican is usually synonymous with poor marks on college-admissions tests. The rank-in-class provisions were intended to give a senior from the worst ghetto high school the same chance as a senior from, say, Bronx High School of Science, and the likelihood of lily-white senior colleges and all-black community colleges would thereby be minimized.

But very little in open admissions has worked according to plan, and the board discovered that certain colleges were remaining stubbornly white. Few blacks, for example, applied to Queens College. This could have had something to do with the small black population in Queens or with the desire of blacks to go to college with their friends. Whatever its cause, the situation was an embarrassment, and the board dealt with it by deploying SEEK students—the majority of them black or Puerto Rican and all of them required to go where they are assigned—to the troublesome white spots.

Open admissions got the poor into the colleges, and the board distributed them in socially acceptable racial proportions, but in 1970 no one had given much thought to what the newly eligible students would study. Certain courses were required: those who couldn't read or write very well took basic remedial English; and if addition was a problem, they took basic remedial math. Beyond that the curriculum was largely optional. The result, in the absence of adequate counseling, was chaos. There was no one to advise the open-admissions students, and it was not uncommon to find a student with arithmetic problems floundering in a physics course.

The reaction to this chaos varied from college to college, but the response of City College was to set up a humane and workable system that could well serve as a model throughout the university.

City began by adding counselors to the faculty: at present there is one academic counselor for every 500 students and one personal counselor for every 150. Students requiring remedial work take basic writing, college skills, speech, and a social science survey course. Basic math courses are usually begun in the first year, and individual tutoring in writing is provided at a center staffed by English department instructors and upperclassmen. This course load tends to take up the bulk of the open-admissions student's time well into his second year. One hundred twenty-eight credits are required for graduation, and an hour is generally equivalent to a credit. But at the remedial level a ratio of many hours to few credits has had to be adopted to avoid the extremes of either watering down the diploma or discouraging the student. Since some of the remedial students have hardly a sixth-grade proficiency in reading, writing, or math, City is in effect attempting to administer the equivalent of a twelve-year elementary education in two or three semesters. At present few of the open-admissions students are ready for the standard courses, and so City is in the process of devising general courses in history, science, and literature to fill the gap and serve as bridges to the standard curriculum.

At this early stage in open admissions, assuming the worst is no more realistic than assuming the best.

One of the most frequently voiced fears concerning open admissions—that it will lead to a debasement of the curriculum through gut courses and a lowering of instructional and grading standards—has yet to be realized. The remedial and experimental courses are unquestionably elementary, but it could hardly be argued that they are guts or that they are drawing students from advanced courses or lessening the demand for those courses. Some advanced courses have dropped from the CUNY curriculum, but this is usually because advanced students are no longer choosing to take them.

Fears that open admissions spells the deterioration of overall standards fail to take into account the extent to which tenured professors have a conservative or, if you will, conservational effect upon the curriculum—or the extent to which many faculty members choose to ignore open-admissions students. There are, to be sure, some professors who deem it a privilege to teach open-admissions students, who, they note, make up in life-preparedness what they lack in academic preparedness; some even remark that it is easier to teach an open-admissions student who is receptive in his "uneducated" state than those students who are complacent in their "educated" state. Nonetheless, the overwhelming bulk of incoming open-admissions students are, by remedial necessity, in elementary courses set apart from the standard and advanced curricula. And, of course, specialized schools and honors programs for gifted students are virtually immune to the challenge or problem posed by open admissions. .

There is undeniably a danger, if CUNY lowers standards in the remedial courses, that scholastically underequipped students may force a gradual lowering of standards as they move on to other courses. But so far CUNY has not ascertainably lowered standards, and at this early stage in the open-admissions experiment, assuming the worst seems no more realistic than assuming the best. Whatever academic impact anyone hoped or feared open admissions might have, at this date it appears to have achieved nothing more startling than the establishment within CUNY of virtually autonomous elementary schools. For many critics, of course, that is quite startling enough.

The physical effects of open admissions are, on the other hand, already evident, and there can be no denying that they are dreadful. In 1969 the size of CUNY's freshman class was 20,208; in 1970 it jumped to 35,511; and in 1972 it is estimated to be over 40,000. The university was crowded before open admissions; its Gothic and Art Deco campuses are dotted with glass and cinder-block factories and Quonset huts put up temporarily ten years ago to house faculty and student overflow. The factories and huts are still there, and they have grown extensions. There is hardly a courtyard, air shaft, or square yard of lawn at CUNY that has not in the last decade sprouted a building, and some of the campuses look like jetports despairing of ever reaching completion. In 1969 the available space per student in the CUNY system was 110 square feet, well below the state average of 185. Today available space has dropped below 70 square feet, and as one faculty source puts it, "Unless CUNY expands, within a matter of years we'll be down to less space than it takes to bury a corpse at public expense." Open admissions has not created the crowding problem, but is has pushed it to disaster proportions.

CUNY is also having a tough time financially. Its budget request for 1972–73 was $440 million; it was lucky to get $380 million. Since by law it is

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not allowed to operate at a deficit, the university must make ends meet by slashing services and, where necessary, standards. For a variety of reasons open admissions must bear far more than its per-capita share of the economics.

The official student-to-teacher ratio at CUNY is 18 to 1. In its 1972–73 budget request CUNY asked for a 12 to 1 ratio in the open-admissions program. The ratio they got was closer to 24 to 1. Open-admissions students, therefore, instead of receiving the extra help they need, are getting only three-fourths the individual attention that the undergraduate body as a whole receives.

Funding is not the entire problem. Open-admissions students require elementary courses of the sort that most of the faculty are simply not prepared to teach. It is perhaps easier for a professor of quantum mechanics to teach addition than for a professor of Chaucer to teach spelling, but precious few of them at CUNY—even those whose courses are underattended and who have the time to spare—have offered to try. The university, unwilling and unable to divert manpower from its existing faculty, has hired 3,500 new faculty members since the advent of open admissions. It needs a third again as many, but with a huge portion of its budget tied up in paying the highest college salaries in the country, it simply cannot afford the extra instructors.

The funding of open admissions is made even more difficult by the fact that it is not a department in and of itself but rather a separate expense in the various departments of the separate colleges. Thus, though CUNY asks the legislature for open-admissions money, it does not disburse the funds itself. Rather, it allots them to the colleges, which in turn allot them to the departments, which in their turn use their discretion. There is, in effect, no central authority capable of ensuring that money requested and given for open admissions will be spent on it.

For 1972–73 CUNY requested $2,400 for each open-admissions student and $1,800 for each student not requiring remedial work; the $600 difference was to go to additional counseling, tutoring, and instruction. But it would appear from the departments' accounting that the actual amount spent on the open-admissions student is closer to $1,200. In other words, open-admissions students are getting not only fewer teachers but fewer services than students in the rest of the university.

Since open admissions is only going into its third year, the most telling statistic—how many open-admissions students make it to graduation and with what sort of marks—is not yet available. Comparison with SEEK figures is useful in this regard. It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that academic survival and achievement will be lower among non-SEEK open-admissions students than among SEEK students or that non-SEEK students will take longer to graduate. Some 350 SEEK students have graduated thus far; now in its eighth year, SEEK expects to graduate 35 to 40 per cent of its early classes. It seems that a college education is no four-year affair for the open-admissions student; CUNY expects its program to take five years at a minimum—and the university's estimates tend to be optimistic. The comparison of 1971 freshman and sophomore populations—63,800 and 26,500 respectively—is ominous, suggesting that a sizable percentage of 1970's freshmen did not advance to sophomore level.

Attrition figures tell a little more of the story. Prior to open admissions the dropout rate among CUNY degree candidates was estimated at 20 to 25 per cent, the dropout rate among freshmen at 28 per cent. According to published figures, 36 per cent of the freshman class dropped out in the first year of open admissions, and more than 45 per cent of the original crop of fifteen thousand open-admissions freshmen reportedly dropped out during the first three semesters of the program. Figures for the fourth semester have not been released. It was CUNY's announced intention to give open-admissions students a three-semester "period of grace" and not flunk them for marks until after that time. The grace period was extended to four semesters, but CUNY has not yet released flunk-out figures. It should be noted that a difficulty in reading CUNY's attrition figures is that many colleges count credits rather than heads. One senses that this bookkeeping device keeps the truth at a bearable statistical distance and probably jollies the legislature into continuing its grudging support.

Aside from overcrowding and a shift in CUNY's racial balance, one has to squint to see the effects of open admissions upon the university. Much has been made of the alleged flight of Jewish students from CUNY, the decline of overall grade-point averages, and the fact that fewer top-notch students—those ranking in the eighty-fifth percentile or better of their high school classes—are applying. These trends are undeniable; it is also undeniable that they were in evidence a good five years before open admissions began.

Criticism of the program, like Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, tends to repeat certain key themes: that it is simply a "revolving door," producing no degrees and less than no education; that it is the job of elementary schools, not the university, to teach basic courses; that open admissions will lower academic standards to the point of destroying credibility in the university's degrees. The opponents of the program frequently sound frightened that education may be too frail a craft to take many more steerage passengers. The supporters, who tend to sound like evangelists proclaiming unlimited space in the House of the Lord, reply that the university *can* absorb even the worst equipped without destroying itself and that, in any case, it must at least make the attempt to educate people. Basically, the two sides are not arguing facts—there are too few facts at present to argue—but rather hopes, fears, and philosophies.

Any discussion of open admissions shades inevitably into a discussion of college education and, more generally, of education itself. There is no denying that to teach people in two years what ought to have been been taught in twelve is a heroic, and perhaps hopeless, task, and it is obvious from figures already released that open admissions is not yet anything resembling a success. But it must be remembered that it is not yet a failure, even if university seers do appear to incline to political caution in their efforts to obscure attrition and expulsion rates.

Open admissions poses a question that has, at the elementary and high school levels, already been answered—in practice if not in philosophy. The subject is an emotional one because it is the last jousting ground where those who in their hearts believe education can help the ignorant confront those who in their hearts fear that the ignorant will harm education, where those who believe learning is a treasure to be shared confront those who believe it a treasure to be safeguarded, where those who worry about what is happening to people confront those who worry about what is happening to institutions.

But if the history of public education in this country is any guide to the future, open college admissions will no more depend upon the success or failure of the CUNY program than open primary or secondary education depended on the success or failure of a little red schoolhouse. As men have become more educated, they have paradoxically—or inevitably—always considered more education necessary. CUNY's open-admissions policy was unquestionably undertaken as a gesture of political and racial conciliation, and it is often and justly criticized on that basis; and its success or failure may hurry or delay acceptance of the principle involved. But open admissions is not politics, and it is not race: it is education. A logical extension of a preexisting process, but education nonetheless. And surely the pessimistic notion that education suffers by being spread as wide as possible will one day seem as odd as the notion that health is impaired if everyone has it. □

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WHEN THE MONEY STOPS:

What Lies Beyond for the OE?

BY BENJAMIN DE MOTT

Can a federal agency that is beleaguered, harassed, and down on its hunkers rise up and recover a role for itself? Is it possible that the day the money stops marks the beginning of real life?

For the U.S. Office of Education these questions are far from academic. The OE, which for close to a decade has directed this country's educational reform movement (in a sense even "owned" it through the huge amounts of money pumped into reform programs), is up against the wall. The kind of large-scale action programs that were OE staples for years are now flatly opposed by the Nixon administration. OE's other main activity, research, is being reassigned to the newly created National Institute of Education (NIE). And White House aides have privately described the NIE as a device for bypassing the Office of Education entirely as a source of educational ideas.

The chief reason that the OE is in trouble isn't hard to find. It is the widespread belief that federal educational programs over the last ten to fifteen years have not produced results commensurate with the investment. Henceforth (so goes the reasoning) huge sums mustn't be wagered on projects that have been inadequately tested and evaluated—and maybe it would be well if the federal government restricted itself to research entirely and left the problems of implementation to others. That would put the NIE in a category

Benjamin DeMott has served often as an Office of Education consultant over the last ten years.

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with the National Institutes of Health and the National Science Foundation—and it might also put the Office of Education out of a job.

Resistance to the idea of phasing out the OE comes from insiders who insist that the lessons the OE has learned over the last generation about the process of educational reform are too valuable to scrap—more valuable than the findings of any particular research project. If the office is allowed to draw on its experience, they say, it can come up with a lot besides research or expensive demonstration projects. As an example they cite Project Open, a new OE scheme to link education reformers and ideas through a modern communications network. Project Open is a long way from traditional OE ventures. But it suggests that the Office of Education may be able to meet the challenge of tight money and still play a major role in reform. And Project Open is built entirely on lessons learned from the past.

Perhaps the most important lesson that OE learned during its reign as education manager was that school change depends on a complex of factors, only a few of which are located within the schools themselves. The historical record proves (in the OE reading) that lasting educational reform can't be brought off by focusing exclusively on what happens inside the schoolhouse—inside the classroom, inside the university, inside the guidance counselor's office. It demands, instead, the development of new sets of relationships between institutions normally set apart from each other. It also depends on certain kinds of support that money can't buy.

In concrete terms this means that parents need to be able to contribute their skills to the schools—as well as their firsthand knowledge of what their children need and are like and what their own hopes for their children are. It means that teachers need to be able to draw on the whole community as a teaching resource. It means that students need to be able to perceive themselves as participating simultaneously in the general life of the community as well as in the special, hived-off life of the school. And it means that graduate research scholars, usually inclined to see their concerns as wholly unconnected with those of teachers, have to be able to perceive themselves as no less intimately involved in the classroom life, even of elementary schools, than parents or teachers or pupils themselves.

Where these kinds of relationships do not exist, real reform cannot occur. As one in-house OE document declares: "Much money has been spent for demonstration programs or innovative practices, yet most (if not all) school systems continue business as usual . . . . (And) although alternative systems, innovative programs, and new institutions often die for lack of continued fiscal support, the conviction . . . here is that ideological and socio-psychological support—more than 'outside' money—are the prime requisites needed to bring about educational reform."

For OE this lesson was long in the learning, although the idea of the dependence of school change on community change was already apparent in the enactment of the National Defense Education Act of 1958. The act committed the federal government to a role of leadership in education—not only as the creator of special, inside-the-schoolhouse programs (summer institutes for teachers, schemes for the improvement of foreign language and history teaching, and the like) but also as the definer of problems outside the schools (e.g., cultural deprivation of the "disadvantaged") that had a direct bearing on classroom failure. But for a time the double thrust of the Education Act wasn't fully grasped. Most OE programs were still hinged to the concept of "enrichment," designed to teach something in particular to teachers (the New Math, Swahili) or to "deprived" students, not to alter relationships between school and college or school and community. The programs were shaped in accordance with proposals from the professional academic establishment and left the status quo unchanged.

> "It's time we stopped worshiping soft money," says one OE official. "Even without bribery we can be useful."

When it became clear, after a hundred thousand teachers had passed through the NDEA Title XI Institute program and the subsequent Experienced Teacher Fellowship program, that "enrichment" brought little if anything in the way of fundamental reform, the office turned in another direction, seeking to identify and recruit influential "change agents" within academia. The figures relied on at this stage were innovative professionals—often mavericks within their fields, like MIT's Jerrold Zacharias. Their function, as men aware of the need for fundamental change and prepared to commit themselves to effort to secure it, was to assemble groups of teachers, preach the gospel of educational innovation, and otherwise stimulate the invention of new curricular proposals to be tried out with OE funding. Again the results were slim: when federal money gave out, many of the innovative teaching schemes—as, for example, the famous "Voice Project" in English at Stanford—folded.

Once again the office moved on, this time beyond the area of straight curricular reform. Its new goal was to create programs linking up interest groups on and off campus—liberal-arts professors, professors of education, teacher trainers, young teachers-to-be, and community representatives—in projects whose focus was, at one and the same time, curricular and civic. Predictably, projects of this sort had rough going from the start. People once unconsulted about the aims of education were invited not only to name their expectations but to articulate them in mixed groups possessing a measure of real power; they were asked not only to listen to criticism from professionals but also to talk back. Ventures like OE's $40-million Training of Teacher Trainers (TTT) tried to explore, in the context of school problems, the possibilities of interaction between high school teachers and community leaders, between bankers and ghetto spokesmen, between graduate professors of education and graduate professors of the formal disciplines. And in doing so, the program ran into the dangers always present when closed systems are pried open—ego tripping, disputes about authority, confrontations between haves and have-nots.

The lesson of TTT—voiced by those who participated and are still participating in such programs—was that, while the program's direction was right, the presence of the federal bureaucracy itself tended to exacerbate relations that were already immensely complicated. Rather than supporting existing efforts at community-school interaction, OE was trying to "buy" new interaction and in some cases created an appetite for something it couldn't sustain. And the federal presence always implied a judgment as to how much money was forthcoming. Who was doing the job right? Uncle Sam knew and would pay them.

But even the OE officials who came to doubt the helpfulness of the federal presence have retained their gradually awakened faith in interaction itself as the sine qua non of significant educational change. And at the moment there are grounds for believing, so OE optimists insist, that the federal government can foster concern with "the interdependencies"—without engaging in direct-intervention, action-innovation programs. Some top OE

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managers are even beginning to profess relief at the phasing out of the huge action programs they've been involved with in the past. In the fall one OE regional director, Donald Bigelow, told a Boston gathering of teachers and project directors that he "no longer wants to be concerned with *running* federal programs, imposing goals from outside." The billions spent over the last six or seven years were "soft money," funds perceived as bonuses over and above the normal operating budgets of institutions receiving them, and did little to alter the standard assumptions and practices. "We've worshipped soft money," Bigelow told his audience, "and it hasn't led to the meeting of real needs. We were playing the local Napoleon, and it's time that stopped." But stopping needn't mean banishment: "Under the right conditions we could provide leadership of a kind. Even without bribery we can be useful."

How? By serving as the creator and nourisher of national networks of leaders who've worked successfully in what OE calls the "interface" between teaching institutions and community life—networks of the sort recently dramatized and diagramed in Michael Rossman's *Education and Social Change*. The argument runs as follows: There now exists a corps of community leaders and professionals in education possessing a body of experience and expertise about precisely the situations that hold the key to educational reform. The people in question have moved out from so-called "bounded institutions" into "interface jobs" that create new modes of instruction and participation and new environments of study.

Some examples of people holding "interface" jobs:

- A professor of education at Harvard who is simultaneously a regular faculty member of a suburban high school, rich in knowledge of what is involved in establishing intimate, ongoing, cooperative relationships between teacher-training institutions and the daily life of a high school.
- The director of an experimental school, rich in knowledge of how to create and sustain a high school without walls.
- A founder of an urban community school, rich in knowledge of how to develop proprietorial feelings for an experimental elementary school within an urban neighborhood.
- A board of education aide who pioneered the urban learning co-op movement, rich in knowledge of how to reach different kinds of elementary and high school children through workshops, on-the-job training, parent collaboratives, and the like.

And there are literally thousands more who qualify in the ranks of classroom teachers, community workers, and educational administrators. Their collective skills and experience not only could provide the basis for several nationwide challenges to present establishmentarian educational monopolies but also could constitute, through a network scheme, an informal teacher-training "institution" in themselves. Might not a reinforcing linkup of these innovators have uncommon potency for American schools across the board?

It might indeed, says an emerging OE group. It could be pivotal in extending the possibilities of educational change. The point wouldn't be to pluck anybody up from his community work place and set him or her off in some new "bounded institution." The point would be, as the OE's unlovely language has it, to "compose a series of linkages or communication lines between and among persons and institutions . . . . By the flow of information and perceptions along these lines each of the individuals or institutions can be informed, persuaded, or influenced to engage in a reexamination of old procedures, programs and institutions, and, where needed, to invent new ones. The activities of the networks [would include] the identification and distillation of generalizable experiences within [existing] projects, the establishment of written communication exchanges, person to person contact, group interaction, and action training and research activities, all based on needs, interests, and the experience of the involved individuals and institutions."

The network idea has been surfacing repeatedly in recent months among OE groups. But the first step to implement it (Project Open) was taken only last month, under the auspices of the TTT program. The OE managers, working with a private firm with expertise in community action–training programs (Educational Systems and Designs, Inc.) began linking up the thousands of TTT participants—teachers, teacher trainers, community representatives—as the nucleus of the "first national network of educational reformers." One function of this network is to move information—about alternative schools, credentialing, interdisciplinary programs, work-based study, community involvement, and the rest. The second function is to connect the innovators as trainers, people whose skills and experience—once made visible through films and tapes—can serve as a guide for new people in these fields. The concern isn't to prescribe behavior, the promoters insist. Instead, it's to intensify the flow of resources and energy among innovative persons and institutions, to provide for exchange (and contention) among them as they define their own goals. The assumption is that out of this intensified self-analysis—and interanalysis—new behaviors and new ideologies will flow.

As would be guessed, Project Open thus far is only a shade freer of abstraction and jargon than other bureaucratic gleams. Those who speak up for it welter in a sea of "process models," "new configurations," "survey and profile data techniques," "processing-as-similation-utilizing," etc. But early efforts to get down to specifics have produced some impressive materials—among them an action-training program for innovative beginners in the fields of school administration and community involvement. (The program includes a film in which three gifted, unorthodox school superintendents—from Berkeley, Washington, and Philadelphia—lay out detailed accounts of their own successes and failures in intensifying community involvement in the schools and their techniques for handling tensions arising on school boards and teaching staffs and among parents and the media.)

On its face the Project Open scheme is likably more modest than most of the OE ventures of the last decade and a half. Instead of holding out the promise of millions of dollars to academic grantsmen who agree to develop teaching projects in accordance with this or that set of federal guidelines (officially accredited bribes), the agency promises only to set up situations in which innovators can reach each other for self-selected purposes, can invent ways to be mutually instructive and supportive, can define for themselves steps by which to strengthen the drive to open the system. But implicit in that promise is a prod to cooperative endeavor that ultimately may matter greatly.

And from this it follows that an attempt to draw these people closer so that they can discover the powers lying in their connectedness may well be no trivial undertaking. Who that has participated in an innovative teaching venture can be unaware that the moment of belief is strongest not when the grant comes but when the sense of solidarity arrives—the consciousness that you are not alone, that others have perceived the need as you've perceived it, that they, too, have faced up to the frustration, pressed themselves, and found the ways out? In a word, despite the jargon and the beleaguerment, the OE's new thing could be an interesting school-reform sleeper. Sad and wrong that it takes everyone—bureaucrats, grantsmen, legislators—a whole, expensive generation to learn where and how real change happens. But the lesson very plainly was worth the learning. The people who've mastered it are now in a position to freshen their own lives and, just conceivably, those of a dozen million school kids in the bargain. □

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THE GAME GAME

or, what you can learn from an Oobi

BY JAMES F. FIXX

Somewhere within every game inventor is a frustrated schoolmaster. Let a man start to dream up a game and before he can say, *"Ludo; ergo sum,"* his busy brain is stocking it, like some intellectual trout pond, with moral precepts, esthetic preachings, scholarly morsels, words to live by.

Most inventors, like most of the game companies they invent for, weed out such uplifting elements in the belief that a good game is mostly for fun, not self-improvement. But plenty of others burden us with such instructional oddments as these, taken verbatim from something called The Lib Game: "After a demand is made . . . the Male Chauvinist spokesman gives his team's side and indicates whether the Chauvinists are willing to give in to the demand. The Uppity Women may respond briefly to this, and then the Liberal Male team presents its position. Again, the Uppity Women can respond, and then the Conservative Chicks give their view . . . ."

Games of that sort, for reasons that are fairly clear, have never sold well, so their intended beneficiaries seldom get much in the way of educational benefits. But other games in fact do some powerful teaching. (A San Francisco woman once inherited $10,000. She knew nothing about investing, but she had played Monopoly. She bought four houses, sold them later to buy a hotel, and today is worth a cool million.) With another Christmas game-buying season upon us, therefore (50 per cent of all games are bought during November and December), it seems appropriate to take a close look at what the games business is all about.

James F. Fixx, articles editor of Audience, *is author of* Games for the Superintelligent.

GAMES

One day in 1970 a game inventor approached William F. Dohrmann, the vice-president in charge of research and development for the Parker Brothers game company, with a free-form game called Oobi. Oobi was a red, egglike, hollow container, decorated with big, friendly eyes, and it bore these words: "I'm Oobi. I contain a message to another human being. Please further my journey an inch, a foot, or a mile. Add a note, if you wish. Then help me to the next nice person like yourself." In the back was a slot, and on the bottom was a place to write an address. "It was a message-in-a-bottle game," says Dohrmann, who is thirty-eight years old and who, like Oobi, has big, friendly eyes, "and I loved it as soon as I saw it. We spent three hundred thousand dollars to test-market it on the West Coast. Some of our dealers thought we were crazy, but we told them, 'Okay, we know this is far out, but we'll take back any you don't sell, so you can't lose.' "

Parker packaged the little eggs three to a plastic-and-cardboard container and offered them to the world. Dohrmann does not enjoy recalling what happened next: "I thought Oobi was something that would catch the new spirit of the country—the greening of America, a feeling of love, that sort of thing. Well, it failed miserably. It's got to be our most spectacular flop. The few people who did buy Oobi would invariably hand them to airline stewardesses, and after a while the stewardesses were all groaning and saying, 'Here comes another creep with his goddamn Oobi.' "

The Oobi illustrates one of the most curious aspects of a curious business: even though the game industry grosses some $300 million a year, practically no one in it pretends to know in advance what will sell or why. Consider, for example, the invention of one of the world's all-time best-selling games. In 1933 an unemployed heating engineer named Charles Darrow dropped by the Parker offices with a game he hoped Parker would buy. He explained that he had dreamed the game up to take his mind off the problems of the Depression and had found that his friends enjoyed playing it. One thing he himself especially liked about the game, he said, was that it had been inspired by a pleasant vacation he and his wife had once had in Atlantic City and that it therefore had a lot of streets and properties named after places there. The game, he said, was called Monopoly.

The Parker people treated Darrow politely enough, but after playing his game a few times they wrote him a letter saying that there were exactly fifty-two things wrong with it. To begin with, they said, it was too complicated; no one would be able to figure out how to play it. Then, too, it took

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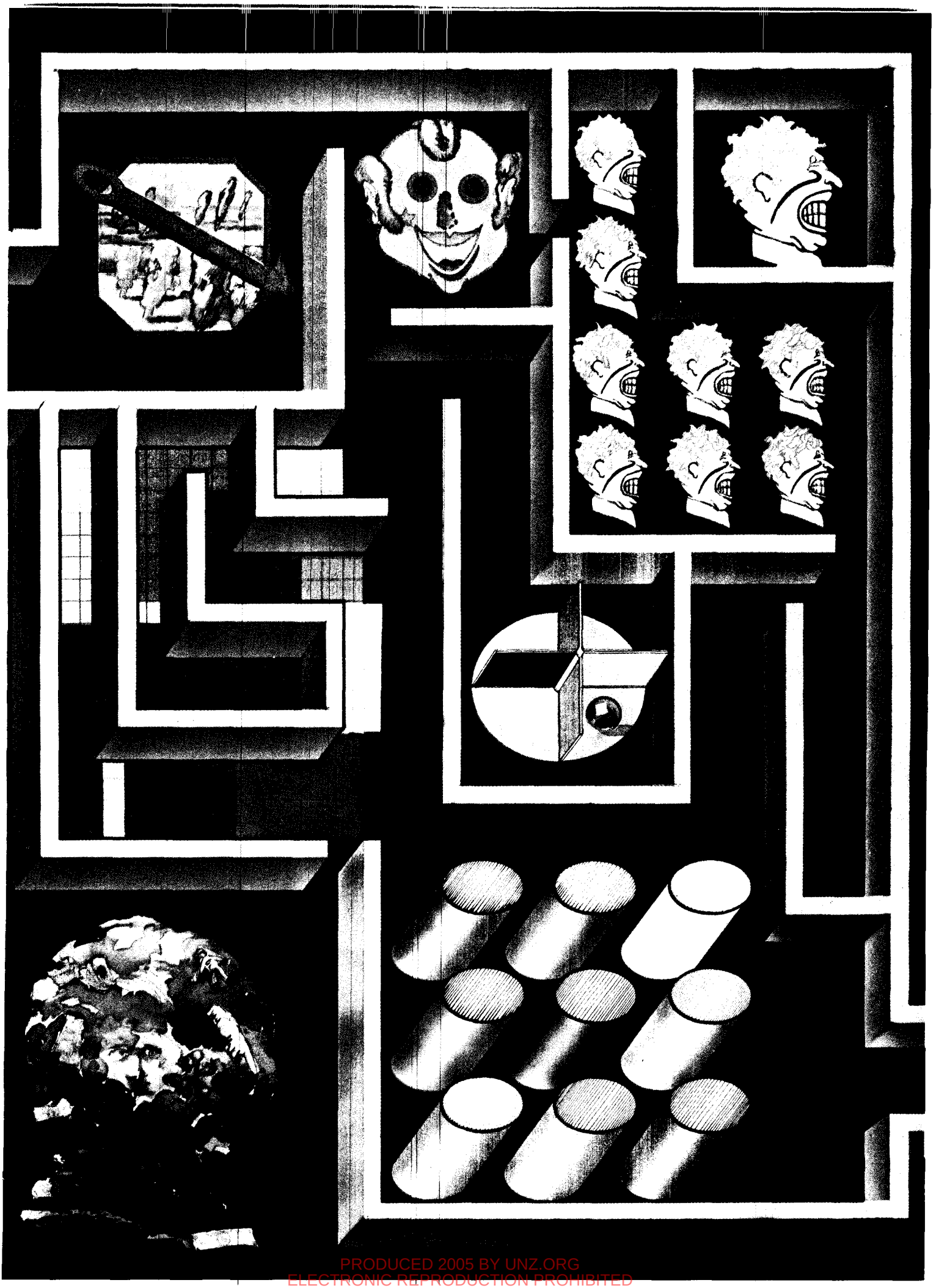

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too long to play; who ever heard of a game that lasted four or five hours? And it just wasn't like other games; it was too unfamiliar, too strange.

Chastened but stubborn, Darrow managed to place a number of his sets in stores in Philadelphia. They sold well, and soon Parker Brothers sought him out and belatedly made a deal. Today some seventy million sets of Monopoly have been sold, and it continues to be the backbone of the entire Parker empire.

Monopoly is not alone in its brisk sales. There are signs, in fact, that we are on the brink of a boom and that soon we will have more games—and more expensive games—than have existed since the Egyptians invented checkers five thousand years ago. On the market at this very moment, according to one zealous compilation, are some twenty-eight sports games, ranging from Computamatic Baseball ($34.95) and Rose Bowl Computerized Football ($6.95) to The Great Downhill Ski Game ($5), Tennis Anyone? ($10), and Odyssey, which offers not only baseball, football, and hockey but also auto racing, handball, rifle shooting, skiing, table tennis, regular tennis, and volleyball ($99.95).

There are children's games, adult games, topical games, simulation games, educational games, and games so hybrid that they fit no identifiable category. There are ecology games, women's lib games, and even—surely some sort of nadir—games about welfare. Furthermore, as a result of President Nixon's trip to China, indications are that we are in for a shower of China games. A decade ago the game business was shuffling along at a mere $75 million or $100 million a year. By the end of the 1970s it will very likely have increased by more than tenfold, to one billion dollars.

Is there reason for this, other than the industry's armor-piercing marketing acumen? Some people think so. "Maybe people today feel safer in their homes than in the streets," says one old-time gamesman. "Or maybe people are just withdrawing from reality."

His hypotheses, only partly facetious, are buttressed by John Huizinga's 1944 classic, *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play Element in Culture*. Huizinga argues that games are in no way synonymous with trivia. Rather, he says, "We . . . call the category 'play' one of the most fundamental in life." Play, he thinks, does not merely arise out of culture but is an integral, inseparable part of culture. If that is so, then a society's games, and its attitudes toward those games, may tell a great deal about its people.

That, as it turns out, seems to be precisely the case. In the beginning America's games were invariably designed to point out a moral. The first American board game, for example, The Mansion of Happiness (1843), was described by its publishers as "an instructive, moral, and entertaining amusement." Similarly, A Game of Christian Endeavor, designed in 1896 for the express purpose of building character in the young ("Its moral tone will commend itself to all those who desire to place in the hands of their children a game teaching the good results sure to follow an upright life"), sent the player on a trip from Home Influence to Honest Honored and Upright Citizen. Along the way were such adventures as Takes Flowers to Sick—Go to Sincerity; Considerate to Old People—Go to Church; and Stubbornness—Go to Jealousy.

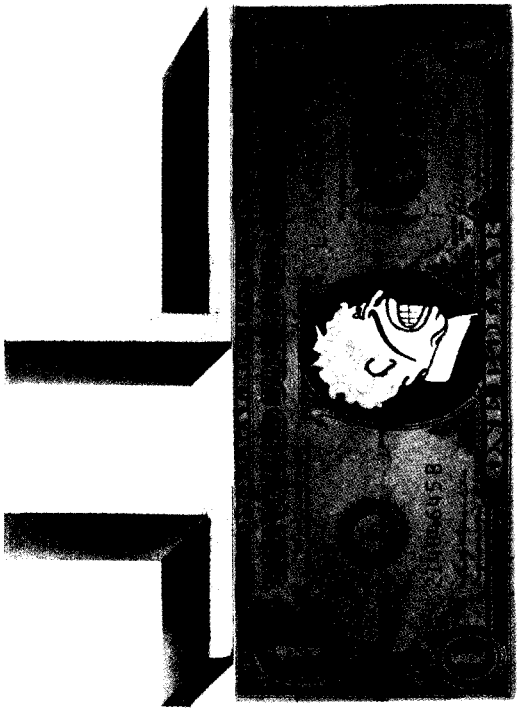
Perhaps the first really fundamental change in the history of American games occurred in 1883 when sixteen-year-old George S. Parker spent $40 to print 500 sets of a game he had developed. The game, called Banking, was the prototypical twentieth-century American game: one got his reward not in terms of joy in the next world but in terms of money in this one.

With the exception of a few hardy perennials most contemporary games don't last long. Often introduced with thousands of dollars of television advertising, they live brief, glorious lives of two or three years, then disappear as suddenly as they arrived. Game companies continually try, hoping against hope, to come up with some game that will exactly mesh with the elusive needs of the human psyche. In pursuit of this goal the game industry has turned up a substantial body of lore on what makes games sell. Recently the research and development director of a major game company tried to codify this lore, drawing up a ready guide for anyone hoping to strike it rich by inventing his own game:

- The rules and scoring must be simple.
- The game must permit the use of skill, strategy, and bluffing, even though chance may be a factor.
- The game must have humor; it must be fun to play.
- The game can't end too quickly or take too long to play.
- The game must contain elements of daring or risk.
- The game must permit players to remain relatively equal for most of its duration, so that each player can continue to feel he has a chance to win. A player should be able to catch up despite losses early in the game.
- The game must have tension and suspense.
- The game must look appealing.

A few companies have tried to make games out of current issues like welfare and women's lib—but most of the big ones shy away from them. Instead, they tend to subscribe to the philosophy ex-

The real fun of a game is what goes on off the board. Half the game is interactions between players as they try to wipe each other out. People like to clobber their best friends without doing any damage.



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pressed some years ago in a cheerfully revealing booklet entitled *75 Years of Fun: The Story of Parker Brothers, Inc.*: "Playing games is fun, and no one would suggest that they have any other purpose, even though many games instruct and uplift while entertaining. They divert attention from the cares of daily living and the troubled world."

GAMERS

Day in and day out, game inventors, bearing some two thousand creations a year, make their way to a gray, clapboard nineteenth-century factory in Salem, Massachusetts, directly across the street from an old graveyard. For Salem is the ancestral home for Parker Brothers, which, while only second in total sales (behind Milton Bradley, with its Battleship, Concentration, The Game of Life, etc.), nonetheless sells Monopoly, the world's most spectacularly successful game. Parker only publishes about twenty games a year—dismal odds, but the inventors keep coming.

Once a game has been submitted to Parker Brothers, top executives play it, looking for bugs, ambiguities in the rules, and other problems. "We find the same drawbacks over and over again," says Bill Dohrmann, who presides over a swarm of designers and is, one gathers, nicely recovered from his Oobi disaster. "Most people don't know what's been done and what hasn't been done. Or a game may look fine but be totally unmarketable; it just can't be made cheaply enough. And some themes are ones practically no one would be interested in. Take cross-country skiing. Right now cross-country skiing is getting big, and I'll guarantee that within the next couple of months we'll get a game based on it. Some games are too intellectual. And some are just dumb and crude."

No game is signed up by Parker Brothers until every executive has played and approved it. ("We play games a lot here," says Randolph P. ["Ranny"] Barton, Parker's executive vice-president. "We even cheat and connive.")

If a game looks like a good possibility for publication, it undergoes a close scrutiny by Parker's sixty-year-old president, Edward P. Parker ("Eddie"), who has some arresting ideas about games. Not all of them are shared by others in the industry. "People like to clobber their best friends without actually doing them any damage," he said recently. "That's the basis for practically every successful game." Parker says what he looks for: "People want choices in their games. They want to think that if they make the right choices they can win the damn thing. There's still got to be an element of chance, of course, so the family dunce can turn out to be a genius every once in a while. But skill—making the right judgments—has got to enter into it, too. Another thing I'm interested in when I first play a game is seeing what goes on between the players. I have a theory. It's that the real fun of a game is in the deals that take place off the board. The equipment we provide is merely the means to that. Look at what happens in Monopoly—half the game is interactions between players as they try to wipe each other out."

Parker has still another theory, this one perilously close to corporate heresy. It is that Monopoly, his most important game, is far from perfect. "I still agree with our original judgment that it takes too long to play," he says. "And another fault with Monopoly is that some players are eliminated before the game is over. That's wrong. A game should end at the same time for everybody."

One game tested by the Parker executives last year is a battery-operated plastic owl called Screech! It was submitted as a haunted-house card game, was originally called Goblin Problem, and was intended to be played in the dark by children five to ten years old. Eddie Parker, recalling a failure of a few years ago called Witch Pitch, which also involved a haunted house, liked the game but was troubled. "We didn't want another haunted house," he says. "Buyers have awfully long memories, and we were afraid we'd bomb again. So it suddenly occurred to me: why not change the house to an owl?" Today Screech! tastefully owlized, is doing fine.

Parker Brothers is concerned with how well their games play. Some games need more work than others. One day last fall, for example, Dohrmann dropped by the office of one of his industrial designers, a burly bear of a man named Arthur Venditti. Venditti, who wears a look of rumpled competence, was tinkering with a model of Phil and Tony Esposito's Action Hockey, which Parker Brothers was rushing to get ready for Christmas, 1973.

"It still isn't right," said Venditti, who came to Parker four years ago from Sylvania, where he was involved with automotive lighting design.

Dohrmann picked up a magnet and held it under the plastic hockey board, moving one of the players about until he finally tapped the puck into a goal. "Let's give it a try," he said.

Venditti took another magnet and held it above the board, resting on the sheet of clear, rigid plastic that formed the game's top. He and Dohrmann, using quick, flicking motions, played briskly for two or three minutes. The game looked like fun.

"I still feel we need a little more magnetism," said Dohrmann when they had stopped. "It's okay when you're skating around in practice; but as soon as play starts, I don't feel I have control."

"I know what you mean," said Venditti. "But the hockey player only weighs eight-and-a-half grams now. I can't figure out what's the matter. And did you notice how the players sometimes bind between the top and the bottom? I've got a lot of work to do."

Dohrmann got up and, as he left, flashed a smile at Venditti. Venditti, staring at Phil and Tony Esposito's Action Hockey, did not smile back. Games sell best in the North, especially where there is plenty of bad weather, and least well in the Deep South, where there is less discretionary money. There are, however, some odd little pockets here and there. One is Salt Lake City, in Mormon country, where games do especially well because, as Eddie Parker puts it, "there are so many restrictions in other aspects of life." Another is the Bible Belt, where Rook, with its cards numbered from 1 to 14, sells well, presumably because regular cards are frowned upon and the kids' Rook cards can be used for a little clandestine, Saturday-night poker.

Games, it seems, have some curious destinations and uses. But where do they come from in the first place?

GAMESMAN

As a Chinese cook and a Filipino houseboy hover near the lunch table and a chauffeur stands alertly by, Marvin Glass eats lunch and talks about games. Glass is a wispy, elfin man (only five foot five in his monogrammed chameleon-green polo shirt) who is the nation's top game designer. His house, in Evanston, Illinois, not far from Lake Michigan, is, let us say, Chinese Tudor. Made over from a former coach house, it has a cobbled, semicircular drive, a heated, free-form pool in the courtyard, and, flying from staffs atop the roof, a vast fluttering of more or less medieval banners. There is a high, intimidating fence and in the front door an enormous brass lock with a key the length of your forearm.

Inside there are quantities of large, mostly metal sculpture and on the walls a number of paintings by Dali, Chagall, Picasso, and Renoir and a carved coat of arms that in the 1730s belonged to the Prince of Wales. Glass has ordered a second coat of arms, one that once belonged to Henry VIII, but it has not yet arrived. Though married five times, at the moment he dwells here in solitary splendor.

Glass, fifty-six, is a warm, intelligent, likable man. "A game," he is saying, "is role playing. It's a drama. It takes you out of the situation you're living in and

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puts you in a new one. A game applies, therefore, more to the libido than to the superego. It's a fantasy, not a teaching machine."

He is as qualified as anyone to speculate on such things. Involved with games since the early 1940s, he has invented more of them than has any other person in history (among them: Upset, Hands Down, Tip-It, Skittle Horseshoes, the Aurora Derby, Bops 'n Robbers, and Rock 'Em–Sock 'Em Robots). Furthermore, he was responsible a decade ago for a major turning point: a game called Mouse Trap, published by Ideal Toys. Before Mouse Trap, games were primarily two-dimensional—they were played on a flat board, as chess, checkers, and Monopoly are. Glass designed a flamboyantly three-dimensional game, one worthy of Rube Goldberg, in which gears mesh, a steel pellet bounces down a flight of stairs, a diver springs into a tub, and finally a cage falls to trap a plastic mouse. "Mouse Trap was a breakthrough," says Glass. "It was the very first game to sell more than three hundred thousand copies in a year."

Today, on the strength of achievements like Mouse Trap, Glass employs some seventy people, ten of whom earn more than $100,000 a year. Designing games, as he describes it, is a bit like psychoanalyzing one's society: "A good designer has to read everything, go to the theater, be aware of society's hopes and trends."

Glass munches a spareribs and sighs, perhaps fretting about his next million-dollar idea. But he must not allow himself to talk about it. "We work in a very secretive sort of business," he explains. "A good game can be worth millions. All the people who work for me are bonded, and anyone who comes into my place has to sign a secrecy agreement. The secrecy syndrome in this business has almost reached the point of paranoia."

Glass graduated from the University of Chicago in 1941, having majored in psychology (his main interest was in psychology as an instrument of merchandising). Fearful that no one would hire him, he went into business with a former Sears-Roebuck art director and a Russian painter, making displays for stores. One day a manufacturer asked if they could invent a game, and they dreamed up the successful, if not exactly fabled, Tiny Town Theater, which used comic-strip characters to people its stage.

Glass sensed he might be on to something. Maybe, he thought, there was some money to be made here. But what to do next? "I had been reading Roman Catholic theology," he recalls, "because I happened to be interested in it at the time, and I noticed that the Catholics put out a lot of magazines and newspapers. Then one day I was looking at one of those little weather houses—they work on a piece of catgut that lets one figure come out if the weather is going to be good and another if it's going to rain. So I got the idea for making a little chapel. On one side was Saint Barbara, the saint who protects you against wind and rain, and on the other was the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I wrote an ad—it was a whole page of copy and was full of purple religious prose and malapropisms—and put it in the Catholic publications. Nothing happened for about ten days. Then three mail trucks pulled up at the door, and suddenly I was up to my neck in orders and money. I was twenty-four years old, and I made my first million dollars that way."

Glass struggled along for a decade or more as the only full-time freelancer in the business, building his staff to fourteen people. Then, in the mid-1950s Ruth Handler, the president of Mattel, had a revolutionary idea: why not advertise toys on television? Boom times arrived with a rush. "I became greatly in demand," says Glass, "not because I was necessarily so good, but because I was the only organization in the business."

Glass gets up from the lunch table, moves into the living room, sits down on a couch amidst the metal sculpture and the assorted masterpieces, and at length reveals that there is another side to his yearnings. "I'd like to invent games that really mean something," he says. "For example, I'd like to invent a game about the problem of representative government and its fragilities and the dangers it's beset by. I would call it Freedom, and it would be boring, and nobody would publish it."

Perhaps the closest Glass has come to that is a game called Happiness, which Milton Bradley published just last year. "It's really a modern-day Monopoly," he says. "It's based on the idea that money won't make you happy. It has elements like faith, health, and knowledge. Maybe its fatal weakness is that you don't beat your opponents down in it; one of my men called it a sermon in cardboard."

For the industry's future Glass foresees more expensive games and a greater reliance on electrical and mechanical devices. There will also be more games in a new and costly category: the so-called family game, examples of which are still top-secret but will be out soon. "Families are going to play games together more and more," he says. "And these games are going to cost plenty—$70, say, where only a short time ago a manufacturer wasn't charging more than $10 for any single game. Maybe it's games that will keep the family together; everything else has failed." □

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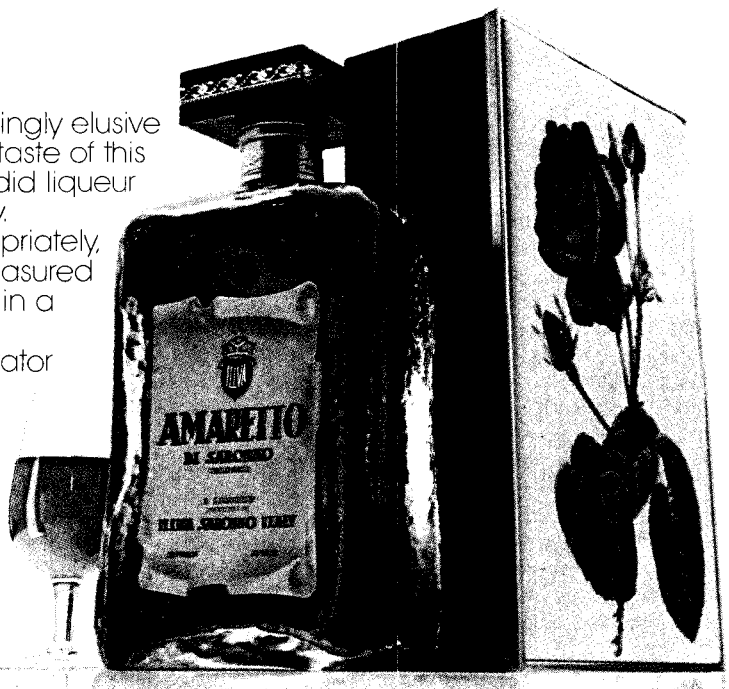

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Radiant Devotions

BY BENJAMIN DEMOTT

VIRGINIA WOOLF: A Biography. By Quentin Bell. Illustrated. Two volumes in one: 216 + 314 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $12.50.

Trouble aplenty starting early. At kindergarten age the author-to-be of *To the Lighthouse* undergoes an ugly initiation into sex—"I still shiver with shame at the memory of my half-brother [then in his twenties] standing me on a ledge, aged about 6 or so, exploring my private parts." At thirteen she loses her mother and soon thereafter other significant elders—among them a surrogate mother and an adored older brother. In her late teens her father, an immensely self-involved literary man, vaguely cottons on to the huge interest and freshness of her mind, but to the end his address to her remains condescending.

And, as it turns out, it's not possible for the grownup woman to "get over" any of this. The flaky half-brother George doesn't disappear, for example: he remains in the household for a decade or more, introducing his half-sisters to Society, correcting their manners and their dress, using them sexually like one or another of the timid villains of eighteenth-century porn, just conceivably causing the frigidity that afflicts Virginia Stephen Woolf in her marriage. ("George would fling himself on my bed, cuddling and kissing and otherwise embracing me in order, as he told Dr. Savage later, to comfort me for the illness of my father—who was dying three or four storeys lower down of cancer.")

The anxiety and self-doubt fostered by her father's blankness to her gifts induce, in the mature artist, shattering fear of criticism. The losses of loved ones, in combination with forces that have no simple names, bring on worse than grief. Beset by racking mental illness, she's repeatedly obliged to quit social, family, and intellectual life altogether, driven at length, in 1941, to suicide by drowning.

And the letter she writes to her husband, just before her death, describing her certainty that she is indeed "going mad again . . . and I shan't recover this time," is weighted with dread, revealing the cost of a life that time and time again became a struggle to breathe.

Sadness and horror, in a word, material that, framed in a life story, would seem unlikely to yield a work of radiance and delight. Yet, by a mystery, Quentin Bell's *Virginia Woolf* is exactly that—a work of radiance and delight. Some parts of the mystery are explicable, of course. Virginia Woolf suffered —but she nevertheless worked to significant purpose, producing not only a varied *oeuvre* but two thoroughly memorable books, *The Waves* and *To the Lighthouse*. Since the worst of her suffering was inexpressible even by her, Professor Bell doesn't attempt to describe it in his own terms—which is to say, the reader hears of breakdowns but doesn't penetrate the terror. Whereas the reader does penetrate Virginia Woolf's superb responsiveness to experience and feeling and is invited inside by a biographer clearly in love with responsiveness, concerned to track imminences of exhilaration, movingly eager to rejoice in them.

An example: all her life Virginia Woolf treasured the memory of a vacation house in Cornwall where her first twelve summers were spent (the place appears in *To the Lighthouse*, *The Waves*, and *Jacob's Room*). Accordingly, the biographer's approach to the setting is without any touch of the perfunctory. He heads west from London on the holiday train in sentences marvelously in touch with expectant summer devotions:

"Mr. and Mrs. Stephen, the girls . . . Sophy the cook, Ellen the parlour maid, a Swiss governess and all their luggage in surely no fewer than two four-wheelers, the children bubbling with excitement as they made their way to Paddington Station to catch, let us say, the 10.15 (the 9 o'clock train was impossibly bad, stopping at every conceivable little station). And then the long journey, starting in high spirits as the *Cornish Express* bustled from Paddington to Bristol, reaching Temple Meads at 12.45; here there was an opportunity to get a luncheon basket unless, of course, they had their own sandwiches; then followed the long, hot, sticky and increasingly quarrelsome journey, nature relieved into a chamber pot, papers, books, the *Strand Magazine* crumpled and discarded on seats, an interminable hot afternoon. It was nearly 4 o'clock when the train drew into Plymouth and thereafter its conduct was hesitant and dilatory. They went by way of Truro, arriving at St. Erth at a quarter to seven, which gave the travellers exactly six minutes to get themselves and their belongings onto the little branch-line to St. Ives. By now, however, lassitude would have

Virginia Stephen, 1903

Benjamin DeMott is a novelist and critic; his latest book, a collection of essays, is Surviving the Seventies.

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been replaced by excitement; the children had seen the ocean at Hayle, after which the train travels along the coast, skirting Carbis Bay until it reaches the terminus at St. Ives just after seven.

"It was a summer evening, and there were still hours of daylight. Talland House was not far from the Station; one might almost run there. There stood the hedge of escalonia by the gate and beyond it was the garden, all up and down the slope with a galaxy of little lawns and shrubberies and private places; there was the cricket pitch where 'small cricket' was played all through the afternoon and so late into the evening that the ball had to be covered with luminous paint that they might continue, and beyond it the sea. And that first night of the holiday, they would hear the sound of the waves breaking on the shore and know that for weeks and weeks it would be theirs."

No doubt it matters, for the nontragic tone and ambience of this book, that Mrs. Woolf's company included few dullards and many wits. The major Bloomsbury stars—E. M. Forster, Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Maynard Keynes, a few others—are, among everything else, entertainers; they open their mouths and a party starts, and the shared amusement banishes despair. Sometimes the party card is merely "the dog Hans, which delighted in extinguishing visitors' matches with its paw, which interrupted several parties by being sick, and on one occasion, when Virginia was giving Lady Strachey tea, eased itself upon the hearthrug—a performance which both guest and hostess thought it best to disregard."

Sometimes it's Lytton Strachey, doing his particular Shocking Things. Virginia reported: "It was a spring evening [1908]. Vanessa and I were sitting in the drawing room . . . Vanessa sat silent and did something mysterious with her needle or her scissors. I talked egotistically, excitedly, about my own affairs no doubt. Suddenly the door opened and the long and sinister figure of Mr. Lytton Strachey stood on the threshold. He pointed his finger at a stain on Vanessa's white dress. 'Semen?' he said. Can one really say it? I thought & we burst out laughing. With that one word all barriers of reticency and reserve went down. A flood of the sacred fluid seemed to overwhelm us. Sex permeated our conversation. The word bugger was never far from our lips. We discussed copulation with the same excitement and openness that we had discussed the nature of good. It is strange to think how reticent, how reserved we had been and for how long." And while the performers often function at more exalted levels, they do seem, whether discoursing sexologically or esthetico-philosophically, a jokey lot.

No doubt it also matters that Bloomsbury has interesting historical pertinence at the moment and that *Virginia Woolf* has many bearings on current intellectual preoccupations. As who doesn't know, the creator of Mrs. Ramsay was a famous feminist, and no writer in the current women's movement can match her acuity in assessing fatuous, standard-brand, male intellectuals. Equally relevant, especially at a time of Anglo-American talk of "cultural revolution," is the development of Bloomsbury as a mode of (lordly) counterculture, winningly asserting the claims of personal feeling and personal relationships, later dwindling into cynical amorality and impotence. (Those who came after the original set—Lady Ottoline Morrell led the takeover generation—had odder recreations, as, for instance, stealing private letters of their elders, steaming them open, and reading the contents aloud to enliven dull Sunday evenings.)

And it probably ought to be explicitly acknowledged that the book's comfortably pleasurable air owes more than a little to the author's intimacy with and happy memories of his subject. Quentin Bell is a nephew of Virginia Woolf, as well as a sculptor, art critic, and professor at Sussex University. He remembers the novelist as a great producer of gaiety in the lives of children, and he has reason to believe she liked him, too. (Elsewhere Professor Bell once wrote that "as a child I illustrated and to some extent inspired some rather fanciful biographies of her friends and relations, hence the fact that I am mentioned in the preface to *Orlando* as 'an old and valued collaborator in fiction.'") If laughter and fun are what you personally remember of a person, it's not easy to place her in gray light.

But to say this is only to repeat that the charm of this biography in the end depends chiefly on the quality of the devotions it chronicles and exemplifies. Virginia Woolf's story is about pain and constraint—but it is also, centrally, about the love of sisters, the love of friends, the love of husband and wife, and the love of profession. Sometimes grave, sometimes merry, Virginia and Vanessa Stephen grew rich over a lifetime through their uncommon steadiness of concern and need for each other. The friends of Virginia's elder brother Thoby were true friends; they themselves were altered and deepened by his death; in their time the friendship of males had consequences, personal losses induced serious revision of life priorities, and an entire group could feel itself drawn unashamedly toward new moral understanding and stronger affection through shared memory of a grieved-for human being. As for the devotion of Leonard Woolf to his often helpless wife—an astonishing, almost lifelong selflessness—it is quite beyond praise. And Mrs. Woolf's own care for an art—a lesser devotion, so some say: it "makes no sense" to labor as she labored over the slightest piece or review—offers an image of confidence in the value of intellectual labor that possesses a bit of radiance all of its own.

In the name of balance it needs to be noted that this novelist's works haven't been hot items in college bookstores for decades. Portions of her story are, furthermore, familiar stuff—at least to readers of Leonard Woolf's autobiography. And, finally, the world described *is* closed: nourished by privilege and vanished continuities, it was aristocratic at its core and would have despised the likes of practically every man Jack and Jacqueline of us. (Quentin Bell speaks with fine directness and lack of sentimentality about Virginia Woolf's snobbery.) Yet meeting that scorn with scorn was a mistake then and remains so now. Frigidity and madness, physical and intellectual beauty, homosexual estheticism, mutual concern, gaiety, exclusivity, constancy in friendship, wit—in these random mixtures of what is called good and bad there's a glimpse of a human interval that, in more than a few not negligible respects, ranks with the happiest so far known. □

The Anatomy of Suspense

THE ODESSA FILE. By Frederick Forsyth. 337 pages. Viking. $7.95.

BY MICHAEL CRICHTON

Frederick Forsyth's extraordinary talents as a suspense writer—so brilliantly displayed in his bestselling *The Day of the Jackal*—seem to have turned against him in his latest book, which concerns the tracking down of a resurgent, secret Nazi organization that goes by the name Odessa.

Probably few readers stopped to think how daring Forsyth's first book was; he blithely broke every established rule for popular suspense writing. *The Day of the Jackal* focused on an OAS plot to kill Charles de Gaulle. Thus, the reader knew the end of the book before he began it. One would think suspense was

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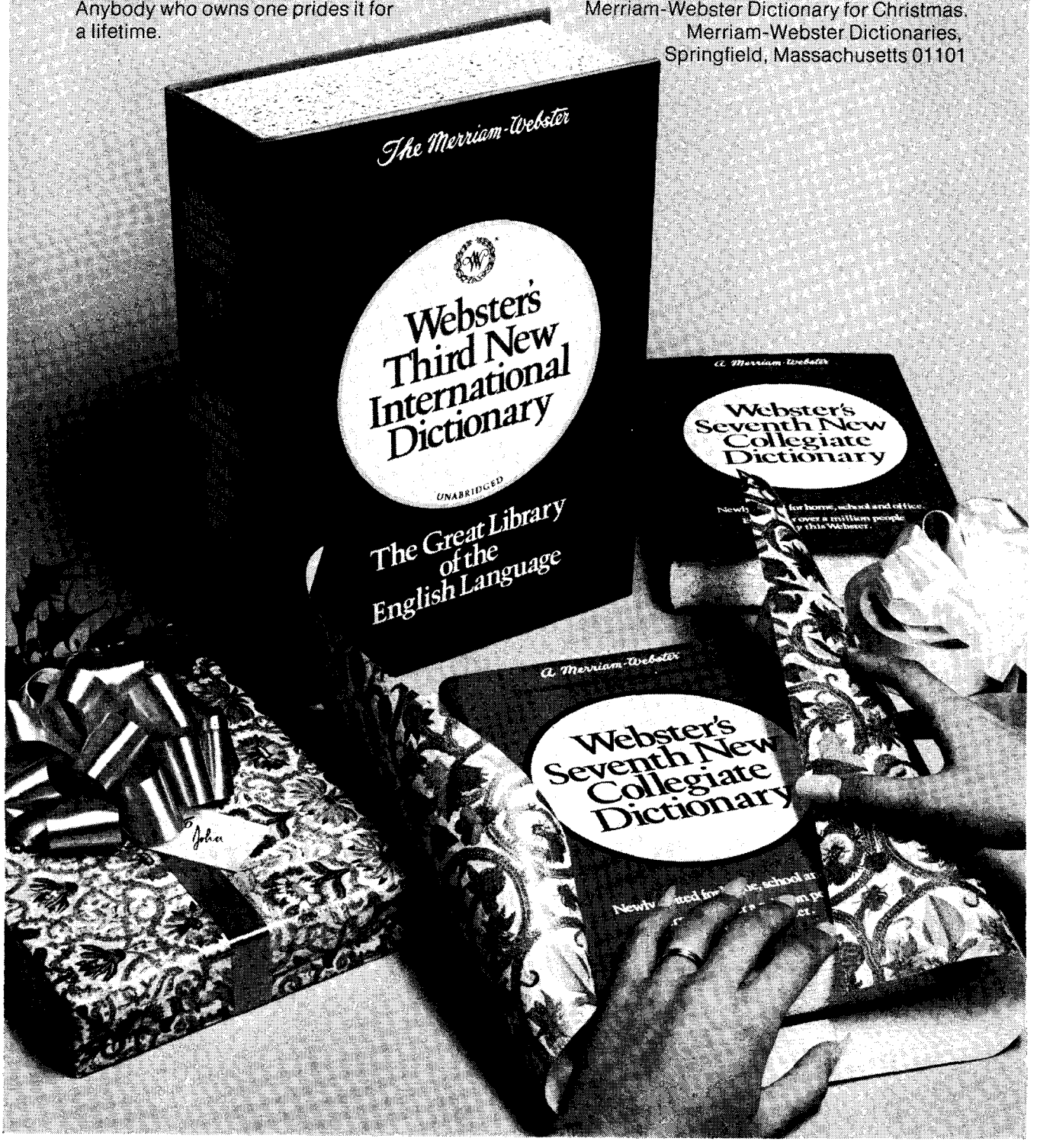

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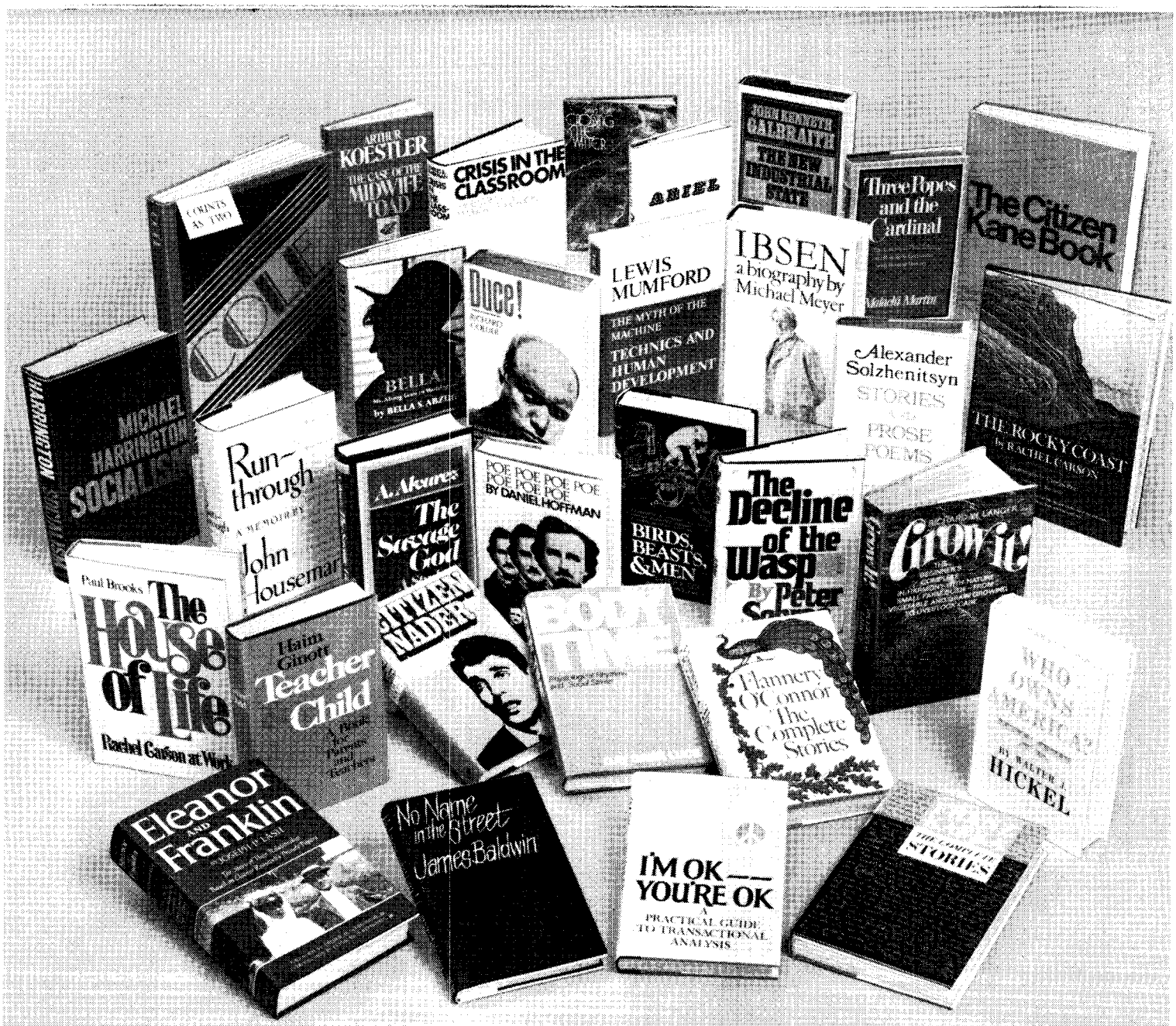

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impossible in this situation. Further, Forsyth relied heavily on cliché plot situations and enthusiastically employed the device of coincidence several times in his narrative. His characters, particularly the enigmatic figure of the hired assassin, were sketchy and often unbelievable. His writing was redundant, with many points repeated in narrative or dialogue.

Despite these drawbacks, which would have wrecked a less vigorous narrative, *The Day of the Jackal* came off as the most relentlessly readable book of the last few seasons. In order to succeed, the book demanded one technically difficult maneuver—the reader's allegiance had to be shifted from the forces of law and order to the side of the hunted Jackal, so that by the end of the story the reader was rooting for the assassin.

In retrospect, Forsyth had two advantages in that first book. First of all, he had set his story during a period of recent history—France at the end of the Algerian War—that was only vaguely understood by English-speaking readers. Forsyth seemed expert in this area, and his book had a quality of verisimilitude that made the most unbelievable events seem real. Second, he was aided by the figure of de Gaulle himself. De Gaulle is not an entirely sympathetic character in the memories of Americans or Englishmen, and while no reader would actually condone an assassination of a head of state, the idea of killing de Gaulle is nowhere near so odious as, for instance, the idea of killing Churchill.

This brings us directly to the problems of Forsyth's new book, *The Odessa File*. Here again he has chosen an apparently unpromising subject, neo-Nazi organizations and Middle Eastern intrigue. Here again he has served up his story with heavy doses of clichéd characters, coincidental plotting, and redundant writing. But this time the mixture fails him in very strange ways.

The basic subject matter of *Odessa* has been the foundation of suspense novels in the past, and, to my knowledge, it has never worked well. The constellation of concentration-camp victims, SS officers, and lingering German anti-Semitism has too many reverberations, too many profound moral questions, to fit comfortably in a suspense-novel format. The questions are weightier than that superstructure can support, and the story collapses under the burden.

Forsyth is excellent at dealing with obsessed men, but the obsessions of *Jackal* were more private, and in a sense more ambiguous, than they are in *Odessa*. There is a vast difference between disillusioned, uprooted OAS officers and disillusioned, uprooted SS officers. We can maintain some sympathy for the first group but none for the second. Furthermore, the obsessions of the OAS underground were matched by the well-known obsessive characteristics of de Gaulle, the hated enemy. No such equation can be drawn between Nazis and Jews, even if the agents of modern Israel can be justly defined as obsessive.

In addition, Forsyth has opened his narrative scope in the new book to include more ordinary characters. In *Jackal* we were treated to a panorama of arcane types—killers, forgers, armorers, high police officials. In *Odessa* we have some ordinary people—journalists, working cops—and we are therefore able to bring our own knowledge to bear on the story. Whenever this happens, the story runs the risk of seeming absurd, the motivation entirely unbelievable—which, of course, is death to any sense of sustained credibility.

Finally, the narrative devices all backfire. The coincidences that were so wonderful in *Jackal* are not convincing in *Odessa*; the redundancies are noticeable and irritating; the use of real background in this instance often seems exploitative in a disagreeable way (wholly unintentional, I'm sure); the sketchy characterization suddenly seems to matter.

In the end, one does not want to judge the book too harshly. Forsyth attempted a story that, I suspect, is almost impossible to carry off, no matter what the approach, stance, or narrative maneuvers. He remains the most interesting new suspense writer of recent years. One hopes his next book will be more workable in conception and better suited to his particular skills. □

Michael Crichton is the author of The Andromeda Strain *and* The Terminal Man.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY KARLA KUSKIN

Dick, Jane, and Dr. Seuss

Do you remember primers? If you were learning to read before the end of the Fifties, you do. Primers were small (about 6″ x 8″), homely books that dealt obsessively with Dick, Jane, and Spot, who, separately and together, ran, played ball, and went to the store with Mother while we watched. They looked like what they were: very dull books. They had one function, and that was to teach; nobody seemed to think that they might also be imaginative and appealing. Time has passed. Things have changed. Dick is President, Jane has just returned from Hanoi, and Spot is being trained as an attack dog. The primer has changed, too.

Fifteen years ago two books were published that visually and verbally were as different as two books for young children could be. But there were striking similarities between them. Each was to become the first of a long and amazingly successful series, each was to be an extraordinary success in its own right, and each was a very new kind of early reader. When *The Cat In The Hat* and *Little Bear* appeared in 1957, the tired old primer took its first bite of the dust.

Several years before *The Cat* and *Bear* debuted, the reading difficulties of the American child had gone public. *Why Johnny Can't Read* grew from an article to a book to a cliché that expressed a national dilemma. Partly as a result of this, two people who had devoted much of their lives to children's books began working independently to help Johnny out. In an interview earlier this year (in *West* magazine) Theodore Geisel, who is better known by his alias, Dr. Seuss, recalled how an editor and friend persuaded him to try his hand at writing an elementary school reader. For this task he was given a list of fifty words and, according to the master of the compact rhyme, *The Cat In The Hat* was born when the first two rhyming words on the list turned out to be "cat" and "hat."

The book is pure Seuss. The text consists of short, snappy rhymes with a metronomic beat that doesn't fail. The pictures are his cartoons: absurd, poised between cute and ugly, always about to explode from one silly situation to another, sillier one. There is nothing lovely about the worlds Dr. Seuss presents to us. But that is not his aim. His books are crazy little planets, fast and often funny, that deal exclusively in visual and verbal gags. Sensitive aunts will not exclaim over Seuss, art directors won't whip out their awards, but a lot of children you and I are fond of will yell the words aloud and chortle happily at the foolish carryings-on in those nutty pictures.

Ursula Nordstrom is senior vice-president, publisher, and editor-in-chief of Harper & Row's children's books department; she is also a woman of sense and sharp vision. It had come to her attention that many children who were starting to read rejected picture books

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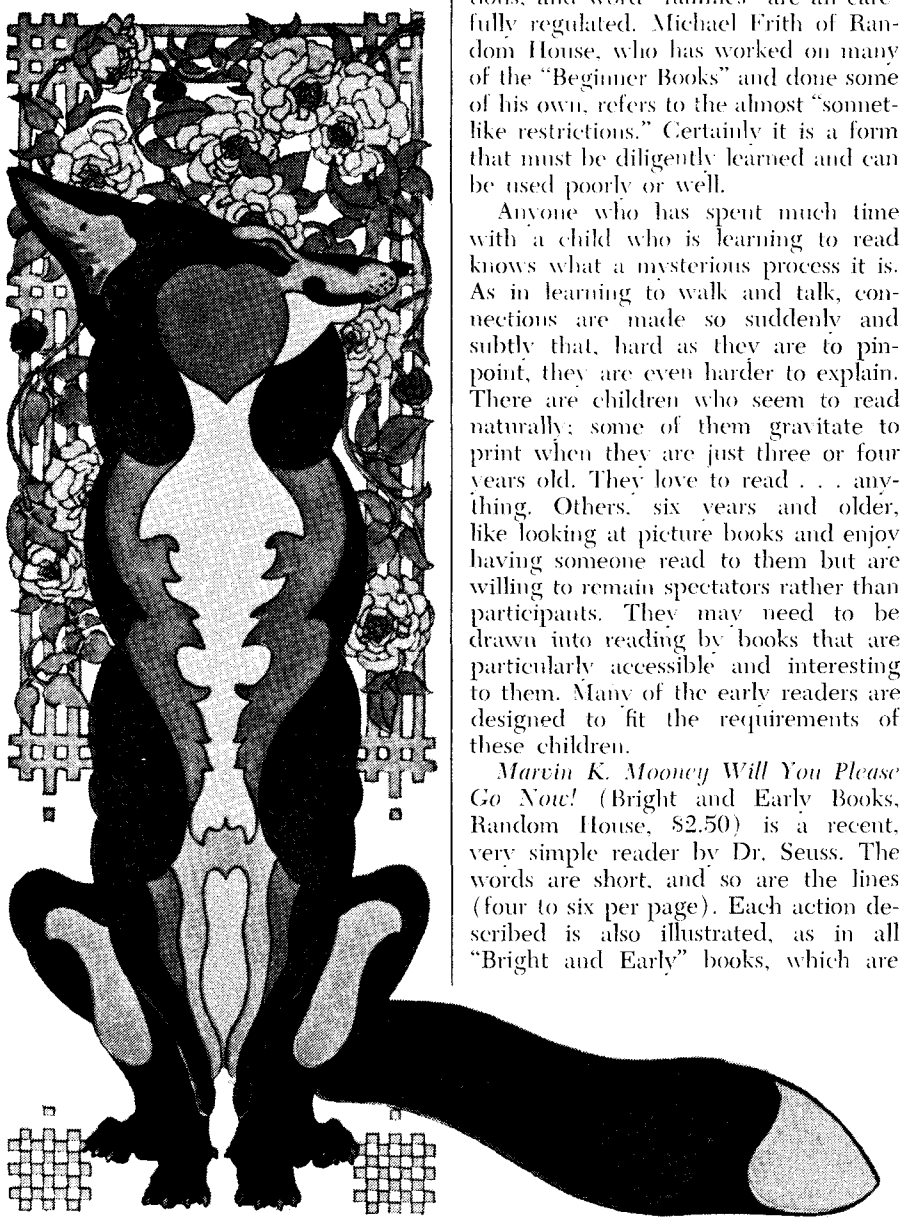
that they were *able* to read as being too "babyish." What they wanted were books that looked like the real thing (their school books). After the first proud flush of ownership, however, those school books did not hold their interest. It was clear, she felt, that a new kind of book was needed—one that would resemble a primer in size and type layout but would be written, designed, and illustrated to please and intrigue its aging (five- to eight-year-old) audience. The manuscript finally found to suit this format was *Little Bear* by Else Homelund Minarik; Maurice Sendak was asked to do the illustrations.

Little Bear is a lovely book, warm and comfortable. It makes you smile aloud. Somerset Maugham said, "To write simply is as difficult as to be good." and Else Minarik's particular talent is writing simply. The Sendak pictures, drawn with beautiful ease, are dear and droll. Possibly because the author and artist were so well suited to each other, the tone of *Little Bear* almost subliminally set a style for the Harper "I Can Read" books that followed. There are now more than 100 titles in a variety of "I Can Read" series—science, sports, history, mystery, Spanish, and "Early I Can Read" books for the most primary reading level. The Random House "Bright and Early" books are also planned for this group. While the Harper books have never used binding word lists, the length of line, number of new words introduced, their spacing, the number and use of contractions, and word "families" are all carefully regulated. Michael Frith of Random House, who has worked on many of the "Beginner Books" and done some of his own, refers to the almost "sonnet-like restrictions." Certainly it is a form that must be diligently learned and can be used poorly or well.

Anyone who has spent much time with a child who is learning to read knows what a mysterious process it is. As in learning to walk and talk, connections are made so suddenly and subtly that, hard as they are to pinpoint, they are even harder to explain. There are children who seem to read naturally; some of them gravitate to print when they are just three or four years old. They love to read . . . anything. Others, six years and older, like looking at picture books and enjoy having someone read to them but are willing to remain spectators rather than participants. They may need to be drawn into reading by books that are particularly accessible and interesting to them. Many of the early readers are designed to fit the requirements of these children.

Marvin K. Mooney Will You Please Go Now! (Bright and Early Books, Random House, $2.50) is a recent, very simple reader by Dr. Seuss. The words are short, and so are the lines (four to six per page). Each action described is also illustrated, as in all "Bright and Early" books, which are

Illustration by Frederick Richardson, from Great Children's Stories



SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2018)

N.B.C.:
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

When William Buckley was a guest on the Rowan and Martin "Laugh-In" T.V. show, he was asked how he felt about appearing on the zany program. "It will make *you* a little more respectable and *me* a little less," he said, "And we both could stand it."

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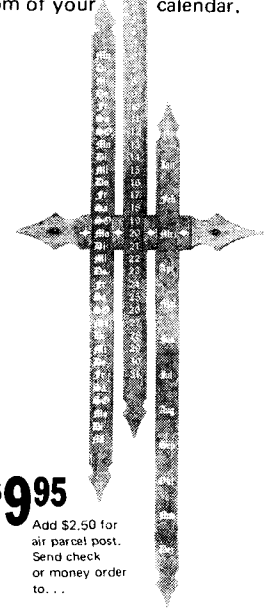

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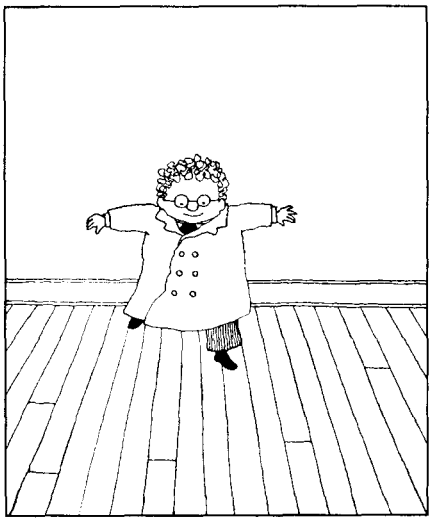
either the work of Dr. Seuss or overseen by him in his multiple capacity as editor, founder, and chief style setter of "Beginner Books." Marvin is a whiskery creature the consistency of silly putty, who wears a look of total self-satisfaction or wild alarm. He also wears a purple, turtlenecked jump suit with mittens and feet. In twenty-four pages Marvin is told to leave: "The time has come. The time is now. Just go. Go. GO! I don't care how." There follow many suggestions for just how Marvin should accomplish this, beginning with a cow, skates, skis, and then, as we knew must happen, breaking the reality barrier to arrive at such means of travel as a "Crunck-Cat," a "Zumble-Zay," and the like. The illustration colors are in flat tones, and color placement and shade often seem to have been determined by the toss of a coin. The line is that same loose, scruffy one that will dare to draw anything. It is this sameness—of line, rhyme, exclamation points—that I find becomes tiring in book after book. Such excellent vintage Seuss, however, as *And To Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street* and *The 500 Hats of Bartholemew Cubbins* are still fresh and filled with that silly sparkle. But the old doctor knows his audience, and they are younger than critics.

Are You My Mother? (Beginner Books, Random House, $2.50) by P. D. Eastman was first published more than ten years ago. It moves with the fast, unsophisticated humor that characterizes many books in this series. Some of the more recent ones, it seems to me, are more frantic and less funny. Mr. Eastman's pictures are pencil cartoons with wash. While the cartoons have no particular character, they illustrate the story clearly and will entertain the young. A bird hatches while his mother is out. He falls from the nest and searches for her. "Are you my mother?" he asks the variety of animals and machines he meets. He is finally hoisted back into his nest by a steam shovel: "Are you my mother?" "Snort." And guess who flies by just then with a worm and a warm wing to put around him? Curtain. In just 100 words.

My Book About Me (Beginner Books, Random House, $3.50) is bigger than the standard early readers. Dr. Seuss wrote it, and Roy McKie drew the bold cartoons that suit it. This is a "write along" reading book; each page requires information that must be filled in by the reader—from marking the color of characters' eyes and choosing the perfect pet from a vast assortment to finally writing a story on two pages provided for that purpose. "Good story, isn't it?" is printed at the end. It is a good idea done with a humor children will appreciate. It should keep five- to eight-year-olds busy ("I own exactly _____ buttons"; "my longest hair is _____ inches") and off the streets for a while.

Frog and Toad Together by Arnold Lobel (An I Can Read Book, Harper & Row, $2.50) brings back a great team, those stars of pond, swamp, and library. If you loved them in *Frog and Toad Are Friends,* rejoice in their return. They are as green and brown and funny as ever. Like most of the books



Drawing by M. B. Goffstein, from A Little Schubert

in the "I Can Read" series, this one is sixty-four pages long and is divided into chapters, each of which is a complete episode. These divisions help the reader by providing natural places to stop for a while. They also emphasize the resemblance to adult books with chapters. Each separate story has its own charm and a quiet humor, quite loud enough to be appreciated by the five- to eight-year-olds you know. The carefully arranged blocks of type (from two to twelve lines a page) are interspersed with soft-wash scenes that are small windows onto the action. The cream-colored paper, the crisp, black type, and the browns and greens of the artwork are a pleasure for the eye.

Mr. Lobel is also the author and illustrator of very recent "I Can Read" book, *Mouse Tales* (Harper & Row, $2.50). Here are seven short tales about some likable mice. The design of the book and miniature illustrations are precisely right. The author has such a sure way with small animals that he could probably win our hearts with the adventures of Amoeba and Paramecium.

Moke and Poki in the Rain Forest (An I Can Read Book, Harper & Row, $2.50) by Mamoru Funai has, at the beginning, a short, illustrated glossary explaining the few Hawaiian words that appear in these stories about two *menehunes* (little people) and their animal friends. Except for those exotic words the stories are the souls of simplicity: Moke and Poki build a house, Moke sings to the moon (off-key), it rains, and they finally see a valley filled with rainbows. I wish the book had ended with that bright sight. The wash and crayon pictures are winsome. The laughing mouse on page 54 is the best laughing mouse I've seen in ages.

A Selection for Santa

The following list is not a "Ten Best" list. It is a memorandum of those books I have especially enjoyed during 1972. As new favorites, I would commend them to your Christmas list. And because it is not possible to think of Christmas and children's books without reminiscing, let me add three of my oldest favorites, too: *The Tailor of Gloucester* (Frederick Warne, $1.95), a particular jewel from the Beatrix Potter collection; *Hansi* (Viking, $4.13) by Ludwig Bemelmans; and Mary Chalmer's *A Christmas Story* (Harper & Row, $1.95), a very small book that could not be improved upon for a small child.

And these eleven from the year that is not quite gone:

The Funny Little Woman. By Arlene Mosel, illustrated by Blair Lent (Dutton, $5.95)—Arlene Mosel retells a Japanese folk tale about a laughing woman who made excellent dumplings. When she is captured by the wicked "Oni" (they are demons, and they love dumplings), she cooks for them until she cleverly escapes . . . laughing. Blair Lent's pictures of her journey to and from the Oni nether world are sketched and painted with a fine combination of humor and delicate art. (For ages five to eight.)

Tony's Hard Work Day. By Alan Arkin, illustrated by James Stevenson (Harper & Row, $4.95)—Because the whole family is busy fixing up their new country house, Tony, who, they all insist, is too young to help, is on his own. That is why he decides to build his own house. It's very hard work, but the results are so good that the whole family asks if they may move in. Tony graciously assents. Stevenson's easy skill imbues the illustrations with the same relaxed wit found in the words. (For ages four to eight.)

How the Moon Began. By James Reeves, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Abelard-Schuman, $3.95)—Once there was no moon. James Reeves retells the Grimm story of the discovery,

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theft, and adventurous journey of the famous orb to its present, bright resting place. Edward Ardizzone's pictures fit the shining and shadowy windings of the plot perfectly. (For ages five to eight.)

Even the Devil Is Afraid of a Shrew. By Valerie Stalder, illustrated by Richard Brown (Addison-Wesley, $4.95)—A "peaceful, quiet man" is married to a terrible shrew. How both finally get their just desserts is the essence of this funny, old story, a retelling of a Lapland folk tale. The full-color illustrations are as forthright as a Punch and Judy show—bold, bright, and funny, too. (For ages five to eight.)

A Little Schubert. By M. B. Goffstein (Harper & Row, $3.95)—This little book about the composer, who must dance to warm up so he can write down the music he hears in his head, is charmingly simple and, therefore, simply charming. A record (Peter Schaaf, pianist) is included at the end of the book so that the reader, like the "short, fat" hero, can dance to a little of Franz Schubert's sweet music. (For ages four and up.)

The City Book. Written and illustrated by Lucille Corcos (Golden Press, $3.95; Goldencraft edition, $7.93)—This is a ninety-six-page exploration of life in a big city. The tone of the prose is informative and sometimes dull, but the pictures, which range from impressionistic pastel-and-watercolor panoramas to detailed renderings of the city underworld of wires and pipes, are informative, exciting, and filled with answers to questions that city and country children always have. (For ages five to ten.)

Great Children's Stories: The Classic Volland Edition. Illustrated by Frederick Richardson (Hubbard Press, $5.95; deluxe edition, $9.95)—As the title says, this is a reprint edition of a classic. The seventeen stories range from "The Three Little Pigs" to "Bremen Town Musicians." The illustrations, done in 1923, are full-color plates and line drawings. In true Twenties style, splendidly intricate scenes depict a real world of make-believe, where animals are the prima donnas and people are the props. These stories cannot be read just once; and the pictures, like the interior of the Three Bears' house (a triumph of Nouveau Bear), invite you in. (For all ages.)

A Twister of Twists, A Tangler of Tongues. Edited by Alvin Schwartz, drawings by Glen Rounds (Lippincott, $4.95; paperback, $1.95)—A comprehensive collection (criminetlies!—it's catching) of tongue twisters. Feeling low? Try a few choruses of "we shall see the sun shine soon" or "Peggy Babcock" five times fast. The latter is one of the shortest and hardest twisters in the English language. Once you've conquered English, dip into Greek tongue twisters or French, Hungarian, Japanese, and more. Every tongue should have one. (For ages five and up.)

Mungo. By Rosalie K. Fry (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50)—A storybook about three who become friends on the coast of Scotland. There is a boy named Richie, an old sailor who has remained shipwrecked because he is shy, and Mungo, "the last and gentlest" of the great sea monsters. Richie is about eight and is searching for adventure. That is what he finds in a story told in a way that makes the fantastical seem natural, thus leading the reader on into an imaginative and intriguing byway. (For ages six to nine.)

Brave Eagle's Account of The Fetterman Fight. By Paul and Dorothy Goble, illustrated by Paul Goble (Pantheon, $4.50)—The story of a famous battle for the Bozeman trail, with the bravery and horror of the event sharply conveyed by the understated tone of the Indian narrator. The illustrations form a procession of splendidly stylized confrontations between the costumed adversaries. These graphic friezes, with their design roots in the paintings of the Plains Indians, heighten the contrast between their own carefully drawn serenity and the violent history that is related. (For ages ten and up.)

The Summer People. By John Rowe Townsend (Lippincott, $4.95)—A gracefully written novel, set on the English coast during the summer of 1939, that might touch a teen-age heart. The narrator links the problems of four young people (he was one of them) bidding good-by to youth, the state of the world at the edge of war, and the imminent destruction of a summer cottage perched on the eroding cliffs. What will fall; what will survive? The people are distinctly themselves, the time and place ring true, and the whole is a book with a well-sustained mood that captures and surrounds its reader. (For ages twelve and up.) □

SHORTER REVIEWS

THE IQ CULT. By Evelyn Sharp. 147 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $5.95.

Since no one has yet come up with an adequate definition of intelligence, what is it that intelligence tests actually measure? In *The IQ Cult* Evelyn Sharp, author of several well-regarded books on education (*A Parent's Guide to the*

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1528

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1528 will be found on page 80

IYAMA EMA IDVAT EOZ

BSROIMDAT QYAO KYA SOFP

NFEBA ESM EO YEOATI VEO

DT DO GEDF.

IYSVET VEOO

WIT TWISTER NO. 301

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The tide of Time — — — —,
cresting, all around,

To — — — — and pull, however high we climb.

Our childhood — — — — within its flood are drowned.

The — — — —, themselves, will wash away in time.

A.S.

Answer is on page 80

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New Mathematics, Thinking is Child's Play), has done a prodigious amount of research into the background of testing and a first-rate job of explaining the standard tests (including the Stanford-Binet, the Scholastic Aptitude, and the Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children) along with the reasons for their being currently under fire. The notion that intelligence can be tested dates from 1908, when a Parisian psychologist named Alfred Binet introduced (with Theophile Simon, a psychiatrist) the Binet-Simon test, which graded on the basis of problem solving, judgment, and the ability to understand words and written material. During the late 1920s and early 1930s the test became virtually an article of faith in this country (less so in France) but without the test developers' dictum that intelligence is neither fixed nor immutable. Today, after forty years of the "IQ cult," the conventional tests, much revised, still rely heavily on verbal skills (one reason for the current controversy), and the standardized sample control groups have been representative of only a portion of society. The Stanford-Binet, for example, was revised in 1960, but the 1937 sample group, made up of 3,184 native-born, white Americans, has not been updated. Sharp reports on several other theories of the nature of intelligence and learning development that are altering accepted concepts of how intelligence might better be measured: the Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget, for one, suggests that growth comes in a series of steps and plateaus and that the child who reaches a particular point of development quicker than his peers is not necessarily smarter. What's important to determine, according to Piaget, is how *far* the individual is going. Sharp agrees and in this fascinating and useful book reports on tests to measure this that are now being developed at the University of Montreal.

P. S. YOUR NOT LISTENING. By Eleanor Craig, 215 pages. Richard W. Baron/E. P. Dutton. $5.95.
"Squish! Squish! Pow! Pow!" is all one child will say. Another talks only to a banana. Two others communicate with fists, while another expresses his torment through his shoes. There are five children in all—Douglas, Kevin, Eddie, Julie, and Jonathan—each from a deprived background, each acutely disturbed. They are the members of a special "transitional class" that Eleanor Craig conducted over the period of one school year, and this book is an account of how they fared, what they said and did and meant, how they acted out their furies and yearnings, and how a small amount of trust and a hesitant but significant sense of comradeship was achieved. The setbacks are many, the pain and frightening vulnerableness of the children always apparent; the victories—hammered out of perseverance, caring, and truth telling (much tougher than promises and what the children in their various ways do all the time)—are modest. In the end the odds are still stacked against these kids but perhaps not quite so high. This is a book about children in trouble, whose calls for help, however symbolic, are loud and clear, if anyone would listen. Mrs. Craig listened, and she has written a book that is perceptive, moving, and, because of the truths in it—for better or worse we have only each other, we need each other, we can sustain each other—most valuable.

THE PERSIAN BOY. By Mary Renault. 419 pages. Pantheon. $7.95.
This concluding sequel to Mary Renault's earlier novel about Alexander the Great, *Fire From Heaven*, follows the story of the Macedonian conqueror from his victory over the Persian king Darius, at age twenty-six, to his death seven years later. It is narrated by Alexander's (formerly Darius's) beautiful courtesan boy, Bagoas, through whose eyes and ears we learn of the Alexandrian world and its charismatic and sophisticated leader, the ways of life, the endless marches, the battles, the intrigues, the loves. (Bagoas, a eunuch, was a real historical figure; his relationship with Alexander is here depicted as more genuinely affectionate than carnal.) Mary Renault's is a special brand of historical fiction, at once imaginative, dramatic, seductive, and scrupulous. In her best books (*The Last of the Wine, The King Must Die, The Bull From the Sea*) an intense, yet controlled, homoerotic aura—a Renault trademark—heightens and particularizes her re-creative insights into ancient history and myth. In *The Persian Boy* the focus seems slightly off; the aura is pervasive but less intense and purposeful and tends to dull and clog the story rather than breathe into it special life. Still, as always, Renault is impressively informed and graceful in her art, and she dares an interplay of passion and intelligence that puts even her less successful novels in a class well above the usual obese and witless examples of the genre. □

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1528
There are times and countries when the only place for an honest man is in jail. Thomas Mann

Answer to Wit Twister, page 79: laps, slap, pals, alps.

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Leinsdorf Forges the Met's "Ring" Anew

BY IRVING KOLODIN

In the best Wagnerian tradition of Siegfried himself, conductor Erich Leinsdorf has picked up the pieces of the *Ring* cycle abandoned by Herbert von Karajan at the Metropolitan Opera and welded them into an ongoing entity. Appropriately, it was with *Siegfried* that Leinsdorf performed his feat of musical juncture, thus moving closer the possibility of a complete cycle two years hence. Gunther Schneider-Siemssen was once again responsible for the scenery, with Wolfgang Weber deputizing for Karajan as stage director.

With the exception of Birgit Nilsson, with whom Leinsdorf collaborated in the last Met *Siegfried* in January 1962, the cast was wholly new to New York, as was the production. Leinsdorf had, in minimal time, formed it into an ensemble responsive to his own conception, including faster than customary tempos. Now and then one might have relished a little more dwelling on an episode, especially in Act II, and also more dramatic tension. But Leinsdorf unquestionably has a firm grasp of Wagnerian dynamics — meaning not only fast and slow, soft and loud, but the rate of movement to encompass the vast panorama of a work that begins in a cave and ends on a mountain top.

Insofar as the production elements derived from Karajan are concerned, there is much to be said for the first scene and the very last. It is typical of the confused esthetic purveyed by the musician-turned-*régisseur* that they are in totally different styles. The first is a cozy little hide-out for the forge of Mime, nestled in the lee of a fallen tree trunk, with huge growths towering over it. It is Karajan-dark but otherwise realistically picturesque.

The last scene is as barren as the first is lush, but it is spacious and well proportioned. Best of all, it is imaginatively conceived to be brought into view against the transitional music that accompanies Siegfried's ascent to the heights. Out of the mist and the glow of the magic fire in the background, the sharp profile of the rock, with the sleeping maiden dimly discernible upon it, materializes slowly against an indiscernible horizon. Karajan has here made mechanics serve the mind as effectively as he did in the first scene of *Das Rheingold*.

But the scene for Act II is as bizarre as the others are beautiful. Here the sun-streaked forest is turned into an Appalachian slag heap. It is surmounted by a stage-girdling wreath of plastic branches, in lieu of greenery. The one justification for it is the huge hole in stage center from which emerges the most amusing and fanciful rendering of the dragon in recent history. This is no oversized lizard but a beautifully bloated hydra, whose extremities make the earth vibrate for yards around. After Siegfried had poked sufficient holes in the torso, it collapsed in a geyser of steam that could heat a two-family house for days.

Aside from Miss Nilsson, who remains a paragon of our time, the performers were more remarkable for looks and action than for quantity or quality of sound. When, among the many men of a *Siegfried* cast, vocal honors are earned by Alberich, his must be an exceptional Wagnerian voice or those of his associates barely acceptable. Both things were true in this instance.

In his Metropolitan Opera debut, Gustav Neidlinger added New York to the musical centers in which he has been acclaimed for his impersonation of the hateful Nibelungen. Such virtuosity in villainy comes high, but Neidlinger is worth all he gets. Hans Sotin was also equal to the task of producing a bass sound for Fafner equal to the quivering mass imagined by Karajan.

Those who were better to see than to hear included Jess Thomas, whose fine physique did more to suggest a fearless hero than did his unresonant, nonvibrant sound. He is not a Siegfried born to Wagner's vocal requirements any more than he is a Tristan. He is, in both instances, filling a market requirement in the absence of others better qualified. Much the same may be said of Thomas Stewart as the Wanderer (as Wotan is called in this segment of the *Ring*). Each produces a good deal of well-pitched monotone, in lieu of the grand endowment to sing out, as the roles demand. Gerhard Stolze was their smaller-scaled equivalent as Mime, projecting a characterization of much insinuation with a vocal resource now reduced to the merely audible. Lili Chookasian made Erda's scene with Wotan memorable by the depth and richness of her low voice, and Judith Blegen will doubtless do more with the music for the Voice of the Forest Bird when she has her high tones under better command than they were at the first performance.

As for Nilsson, what can one say that is not repetitive of prior praise? One can say that on the evening of the first *Siegfried* the voice was cold and unresponsive for at least a third of the final duet. It did not awaken, so to speak, until well after Brünnhilde had, approximately at the words *"Oh! Kindischer Held."* She mounted steadily in vocal power thereafter to the realization, finally, of all those eloquent, obscure, even absurd objectives that are at the heart of such a work as *Siegfried*.

It was, in totality, absorbing to see an audience that filled the theater (and included men who were boys when *Siegfried* was last given here) reacting to what it heard as avidly as parched pilgrims to water. There is a majesty in the music of the man named Richard Wagner that needs but decent representation to exercise its ageless spell. This revival offers, in several key ways, considerably more and was entitled to at least half the *bravos* it received.

Lorin Maazel's latest appearance as a guest conductor with the Philharmonic Orchestra was reduced by illness to a single week. It left, nevertheless, at least one testimonial to his ever-growing mastery. This was a performance of Beethoven's *Leonore* Overture No. 2 that was tense, taut, tightly disciplined, though unconventionally large-scaled.

It showed, with amazing clarity and total poetic justice, just how this fulfillment of Beethoven's intent differs in degree but not in kind from its later, larger brother, *Leonore* No. 3. Malcolm Frager was the pianist in a hard, glittery playing of Weber's Second Concerto. Later Maazel, thespian, succeeded Maazel, poet, in playing to the hilt the leading role in Tchaikovsky's *Manfred* Symphony. □

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The Bugs in BART

BY KARSTEN PRAGER

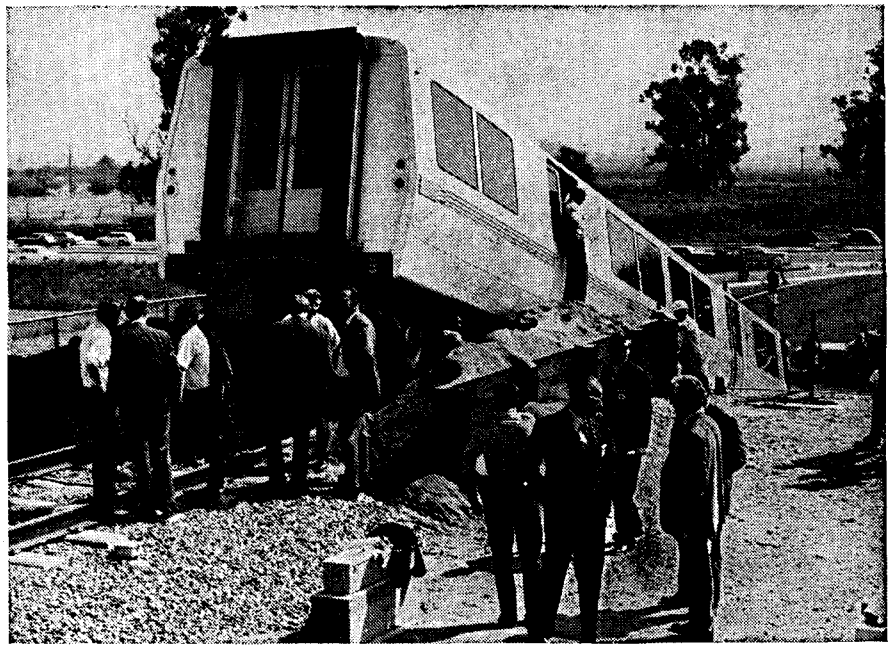
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—The *New York Times* described it as "a stunning showcase of modern transit concepts." The Sierra Club called it "a reasonable alternative" to commuting by auto. New York's Mayor John Lindsay called it "a Toonerville Trolley."

They were talking about BART—the Bay Area Rapid Transit, the first completely new mass transit system built in the United States in more than fifty years. By late 1973 BART is expected to offer computerized, quiet service at 80 miles per hour. Cities such as Seattle, Minneapolis, and St. Louis have been closely watching BART's development of totally automatic control equipment; guidance for the trains is left entirely to a space-age computer center that recalls the war room in *Dr. Strangelove*.

But just three weeks after BART began limited operation this fall, a BART train jumped off the track. Then a California legislative agency criticized the design of BART's electronic controls. Now it appears that BART has bugs—and a hurried effort is under way to de-bug the $1.4-billion system.

Some commuters noted the black humor of *Strangelove* when BART proudly began service on the twenty-eight miles of its Fremont line. Because an electronic device relayed the wrong speed command, a train overshot the Fremont platform, plowed through a sand-pile buffer, and landed in a parking lot. Five passengers were slightly injured, there was some damage—and there were very red faces at BART headquarters. Somehow, a fail-safe system had failed.

As a safety precaution BART immediately ordered that manual controls be used on the last section of the Fremont line. But the damage had been done. Questions about safety in an automated system, asked repeatedly in the past, surfaced again. The "attendant" in a BART front cab can stop the train in an emergency; then he can drive it at speeds up to 25 miles per hour. But the trains do not have a complete manual back-up system. Planners, unlike the critics, are confident they don't need one.



BART *car at rest: an electronic device gave the wrong command.*

Other bugs in the system's $35-million control equipment were revealed after the accident. As presently designed, the control equipment can give an all-clear signal to a train even when a disabled train is stalled ahead; a non-functioning train does not emit signals strong enough to be detected at the control center.

Improved performance by the control system will be critical when all four of BART's lines meld in the Trans-Bay tube linking San Francisco and the East Bay next year. At present on the Fremont line the control equipment is allowed to operate the trains *between* stations—but line-clearance instructions are telephoned ahead from station to station for every train. This signal system is even more primitive than those used for older rapid-transit trains elsewhere.

BART maintains that all the bugs will be removed before the opening of its line to San Francisco, which runs through a $180-million tube at the bottom of the Bay that is supposedly earthquake-proof (expansion joints keep all its sections flexible). Perhaps so. But if BART is wrong, major redesign at a cost of millions may be necessary.

In one sense Mayor Lindsay was right when he called BART a "Toonerville Trolley." Compared with New York's MTA, which has 720 miles of track, BART is tiny: on completion its lines will not exceed seventy-five miles. Still, if it works as planned, BART will ease travel in the Bay Area considerably. And eventually it may result in cleaner air over the Bay.

The IND's "A" train in New York—even the new, air-conditioned version—cannot compete with the trains that now zip along BART's "A" line through a series of colorful stations that include bas-reliefs and sunken plazas. BART's modernistic, streamlined cars were built by Rohr Industries, a firm known for its work in aerospace. The cars boast cantilevered seats that are carefully upholstered, wall-to-wall carpeting, climate control, and tinted windows. There are no straps for strap hangers: the planners believed that no one would have to stand. So far they've been wrong. With only about two dozen cars in service, crowding does occur, particularly during rush hours.

I took my first ride—standing—on a lovely, sunny afternoon. The train was

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crammed with tourists gawking at the shiny California wonder. One little tot pressed his face to the window, grinning at the stalled auto traffic on the streets below. It was a pleasant, steady ride, with none of that old clickety-clack, thanks to rails that are wider-than-normal gauge and welded into one continuous track. Top speed is 80 miles per hour—but the ride is so smooth that you are barely aware of the speed. It's quiet, too: before boarding, I stood on an upper mezzanine at the Lake Merritt station in Oakland, and I could not hear the train slide in on the tracks below.

Even if BART's immediate problems are eventually solved, crucial questions about the number of riders will remain. If BART is to be supported by fares, as its charter provides, it must attract at least 11 per cent of all daily commuter rides in its territory. This amounts to selling a new life-style to commuters. As one official told me not long ago, "That is not at all like selling toothpaste." At present people seem to be buying: free parking lots at the terminals of the "A" line are crowded, and during the Oakland-Cincinnati World Series games, BART handled enough traffic to help thin the commuter crush.

The basic long-term question remains unanswered: can a rail transportation system, if it is comfortable and fast enough, draw people out of their cars? I put that question to Lawrence Dahms, BART's assistant general manager for planning and public service. His answer: "You cannot save and serve the cities with freeways—that's been proven over and over again. But can we still turn the corner on the automobile society? I don't know." BART has bet $1.5 **billion** that the corner can be turned.

Eight weeks or so after BART trains began to roll, I called press officer David Kelsey. I haven't been away from life in New York for all that long, and some of my basic assumptions die slowly.

"How's it going?" I asked. "Any good vandalism yet?"

"No," Kelsey said, "not really." Some kids had been throwing rocks at trains along a section of the "A" line. Also, a few posters had been ripped off—probably for souvenirs.

I thought about those nice seats. "Any seats slashed?" I asked expectantly.

"No," he said, "not so far."

Of course, I had the clincher. "How about graffiti?"

Kelsey paused. "Graffiti?" he said. "No, none of that either."

No graffiti, Mr. Lindsay. □

Dance

Ballet in Brooklyn

BY WALTER TERRY

For its 1972–1973 season the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which contains one of the most elegant and well-designed opera houses in America, is becoming something of a United Nations of dance. It is offering not only an Afro-Asian festival but also visiting troupes from France and from Brooklyn's haughty neighbor, Manhattan.

From France came Ballet-Théâtre Contemporain [*SR*, Sept. 18, 1971] to show us its concept of modern ballet as distinct from the old classical ballet or today's modern dance. Choreographically, I fear, the result is something that we, not the French, used to describe as "moderne"—pronounced "moe-durn' and applied to such things as chromium furniture or the foyer of the old Paramount Theater in New York. In other words, only the surfaces of the ballets are modern. The French dancers, for their part, are highly personable and technically strong—in short, good dancers in search of a good repertory.

One must not forget, however, that Ballet-Théâtre Contemporain is not yet five years old. The government, which backs this group, has determined to aim for decentralization of performing arts in France; thus, the company's first home was Amiens, and its current one is Angers. One hopes that in due course the repertory will reflect—as our own regional ballets are beginning to—an awareness that there are rich lodes of dance materials far from the metropolitan centers.

The troupe's founder-director, Jean-Albert Cartier, has a vision of what French ballet could be, and Francoise Adret, the resident choreographer and principal teacher, is a dynamic leader. Indeed, Mme. Adret's own rock ballet, *Requiem* (to music of Gyorgy Ligeti), is one of the best works in the repertory. She has also reached out to other European choreographers and to such expert American dance makers as John Butler and Lar Lubovitch. However, the repertory remains basically of the trial-and-error variety, and until it finds its distinctive quality, we will settle for the company's splendid performers.

Just before the French arrived in Brooklyn, Lubovitch and his troupe (The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company) crossed the East River to perform at the Academy of Music in a program that included a piece created for Mme. Adret, *The Time Before the Time After (After the Time Before)*. Lubovitch danced this *pas de deux* (set to Stravinsky's Concertino for String Quartet) with Jeanne Sloan. It is a sensual piece about passion, conflict, and courtship (in very animalistic terms).

The same ecstatic drive, but sublimated to ideas and ideals, is the motivating force in Lubovitch's *Joy of Man's Desiring*. Its music is derived from Bach suites, and the "*Jesu*" of the Bach title seems to have been omitted in order to make the piece an expression of search and celebration beyond any one religion. Lubovitch's "joy," as he ritualizes it in dance, is love that appears to approach the divine.

This theme is also the core of his *Some of the Reactions of Some of the People Some of the Time Upon Hearing Reports of the Coming of the Messiah* (which must be the longest dance title in history). When it was first performed, it struck me as being a rambling work with some high spots here and there. Now it has become cohesive in its choreographic shape and cumulative in its dramatic thrust. It is glowing of spirit, sensual in its presentation of beautiful bodies, uplifting and gutsy at one and the same time.

The City Center American Dance Marathon '72, that cornucopia of eighteen dance companies plus soloists, ended its six-week-long stand at the Anta Theater with performances by three groups: the Dance Theater of Harlem, that young, popular, and adventuresome all-black classical ballet group directed by Arthur Mitchell and Karel Shook, which I have written about at some length in the past; Paul Sanasardo and his modern dancers in a brand new work, his powerful and brilliantly conceived *Pain*; and, of special interest to Easterners, the New York debut of the California-based Gloria Newman Dance Theater. Miss Newman's dancers are nicely trained (without being technically dazzling) and lively, but the Newman repertory leaves one unsatisfied. The humor is childlike, and the adult modernisms are mainly contrived distortions of rather elementary movements. None of it is bad, but, on the other hand, none of it is first rate. □

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Films

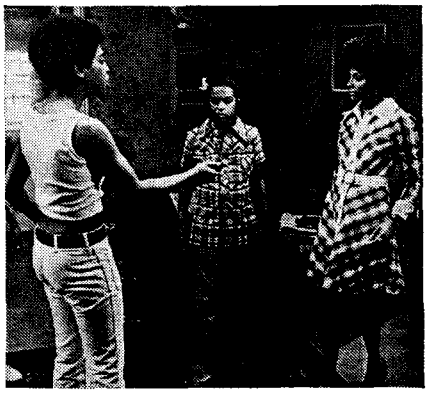
Domesticity Without Disney

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

When people talk about family films, the image dredged up is inevitably a Disney movie—ostensibly devised for the entire family to see but generally treated as a handy excuse to pack off the kiddies. Oddly enough, the family as a locus of drama, with its intense interpersonal relationships, is a rarity in this medium. Even in memorable family films such as the Andy Hardy series or Westerns like *Shane,* it is clear that the family is always being threatened by forces from outside rather than being eroded by pressures from within. Not only does the scope of the screen lend itself admirably to this approach (I think back to Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation,* with its little family huddled together in fear of an attack by black renegades), but also most screenwriters seem to find it easier and more congenial to create in these terms.

The theater, on the other hand, with its need for compression and heightened dramatic conflict, is almost ideally suited to the theme of the family destroying itself. After all, what are the *Oresteia* or *King Lear,* not to mention *The Little Foxes* and *Long Day's Journey Into Night,* but classic examples of *One Man's Family* exploding? They are not necessarily plays that you would send the kids to, but no one would question what you meant if you were to describe them as family plays.

In recent years, significantly, the best movies to portray families in the throes of a domestic crisis—*Raisin in the Sun, I Never Sang for My Father, The Subject Was Roses*—have all had their origins in the theater. And to these can now be added two more: *Black Girl* and the somewhat improbably titled *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds.* In both instances, had there been no stage play first, these films would never have been made. Stage plays rarely make what Pauline Kael likes to call a "movie movie," and these are no exceptions. Nonetheless, the movie medium would become impoverished indeed if such "unmovie-ish" material were denied access to the screen simply because it is not naturally cinematic. Both films have something to say about the human condition, and they say it with tremendous conviction and an awareness of lifestyles that add enormous impact.



In Black Girl, *directed by Ossie Davis, Gloria Edwards threatens Leslie Uggams as Loretta Green looks on.*

Of the two, *Black Girl* is perhaps the more impressive because it leads us into the bosom of a modern, urban Negro family and demonstrates—dramatically but always obliquely—the devastating effect of pressures of society upon it. Three generations of Edwardses, each maternally oriented, live under the same roof. Dominating the household is Louise Stubbs, as Mama Rosie, a woman whose husband has left her with two children and who takes a special sort of pride in doing the cleaning chores at a school rather than in a white home. The matriarch of the family is Claudia McNeil, who has slaved all her life to provide a home, however loveless, and now shares her bed with an aging paying guest (Kent Martin).

The focus of the film is on how these alliances, and misalliances, affect the third generation—Mama Rosie's three daughters, one of them born out of wedlock. Their situation is complicated by their mother's predilection for adopting strays and by her showering upon them more affection than she displays toward her own natural-born children. The climax approaches when one of these strays (Leslie Uggams) returns to celebrate Mother's Day with her adopted parent, and the three daughters drive her from the house.

Though the director, Ossie Davis, keeps the dramatics of *Black Girl* at a consistent and somewhat monotonous high pitch, they never really get to the heart of the matter. When people shout at each other through scene after scene, the effect is not unlike acid rock—insistent but undifferentiated. There are moments of underplaying, however, as when Brock Peters vainly attempts to reknit the raveled fabric of his marriage to Mama Rosie, or when Claudia McNeil comes to recognize how her own strict disciplines have turned her family against itself, or when, without a word, Ruby Dee casts a mad, outraged, and accusing eye at the audience—moments when *Black Girl* shakes free of theatricality and makes us aware of the inner torments of its people as people. *Black Girl* may not be a cinematic triumph, but it does represent an important and serious advance over the current spate of black-oriented movies.

Ironically, *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* is an almost line-for-line parallel of *Black Girl,* a kind of *Black Girl* in white face. Because everything in *Gamma Rays* rings as true for Joanne Woodward and her uphappy brood as for the characters in *Black Girl,* I cannot help feeling that the movies deal, not with a condition of color, but with one of class. Both families represent the bottom of the lower middle class, holding onto respectability by their fingernails, and searching desperately for a way to survive. And both families pin their slender hopes on education, demonstrating how the lack of learning not only can hobble upward mobility but also can twist and frustrate love. Money dominates the minds of these mothers, blinding them to other values, and they both reap a terrible retribution in the veiled contempt or naked hatred of their children.

Gamma Rays, adapted for the screen from the Paul Zindel play by Alvin Sargent, succeeds far better than *Black Girl* in terms of opening out the action. As in his earlier directorial effort, *Rachel, Rachel,* Paul Newman has gotten a series of small, beautifully etched performances, and juxtaposed them to the life-style in a Connecticut slum.

Predictably, Joanne Woodward dominates as the manic, sluttish Bernice Hunsdorfer, who has never forgiven her husband for getting himself killed in the Korean War and for leaving her with two small daughters. But it is young Nell Potts, looking like a Fra Angelico child with braces on her teeth, who haunts the film and provides the perspective for understanding the corrosion that surrounds her. □

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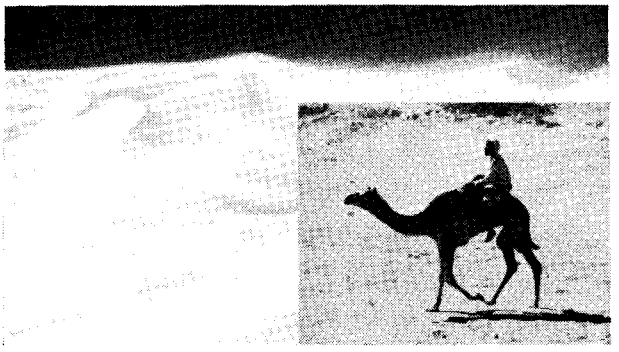

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FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Unique summer travel in Europe—Russia—Africa. Please write: George M. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

WHERE WILL YOU BE when "The Lights" go out? You could be viewing the June 30th 7 MINUTE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE from a liner off the African coast. Fly to Morocco, cruise to Madeira, Canary Islands, coast of Mauretania. 9 days, June 24th-July 3rd. N.Y.-N.Y. $570-$1,125. Call 617-536-0980, write: Arnold Tours, 79 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

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SELF CATERING AND PAYING GUEST vacations in British home arranged by "Contacts in Britain," Boughton Aluph, Ashford, Kent, England.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

NICHOLSON'S INTERNATIONAL YACHT CHARTER Services. All sizes and types in the Caribbean, Mediterranean, Greek Islands. Apply airmail to V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., 5 Lynch's Quay, Cobh, County Cork, Ireland.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Israel, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Africa. 16th year. Students Abroad, Mark and Harriet Parets, Directors, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

ROUND THE WORLD EXPEDITION—180' yacht. Remote places—Galapagos, Easter Island, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. Share expense. Shipmates wanted. Fried, Apt. 1A, 330 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017.

TO EUROPE FREE for teachers who recruit 12 students to another Study Vacation designed by British "Manchester Guardian" Newspaper Group. 4 weeks. No teaching required. Summer 1973. Write airmail Michael Milton, Guardian Study Vacations, 21 John Street, London WC1, England.

SAILING VACATION ABOARD popular sailing ship MAVERICK in the Virgin Islands. $215 all inclusive. Free folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, 95 Idlebrook Lane, Box S, Matawan, N.J. 07747. Phone 201-566-6416.

AMAZON SAFARI CLUB, RD 2, Elverson, Pennsylvania 19520, offers two week, affordable safaris, Summer 1973. Unconventional adventure in world's largest primitive jungle.

CARIBBEAN REPORT—What's new in investments, industry, politics, trade, tourism and offbeat islands. Twelve monthly issues $25.00. CARIBBEAN REPORT, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SAIL A 3-MASTED BARQUENTINE. Caribbean adventures for individuals or groups. The Pride, P.O. Box 22069, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33315. Call 305-523-7090.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2018

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Seaport on North Island, New Zealand (2 wds.)	39 25 5 102 142 18 41 172 49 125 60
B. Expurgate a play, etc., by removing passages prudishly considered immodest	80 93 59 40 113 32 131 6 98 161
C. Expurgate	175 84 26 54 133 20 110 155
D. Make things easier to bring about (3 wds.)	85 36 55 134 27 73 170 111 38 101
E. Low mountain range in southern India (2 wds.)	128 88 135 78 61 33 94 105 174 42 153 21
F. Light four-wheeled carriage	43 28 138 15 99 62 182 119
G. Any of various portable stoves or burners	56 22 7 63 129 122 29 184 137 89
H. Insurrection	34 121 139 171 106 74 166 117
I. Vague	91 82 141 124 8 120 177 64
J. Tremendous construction project in the Nile Valley (3 wds.)	140 158 19 163 37 160 90 23 57 179 65 147

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Soft (comp.)	114 176 35 86 9 30 14 96 76 146
L. Eat greedily	92 24 173 181 178 157
M. Popular fishing and hunting resort area between Minnesota and S.E. Manitoba (4 wds.)	123 10 67 87 104 75 44 31 143 169 58 130 165 159
N. Impending (3 wds.)	45 100 126 51 118 1 151 145 168
O. Illegally distilled corn liquor (slang; 2 wds.)	11 81 13 4 186 107 52 46 69 148 72
P. Long-necked river duck	136 164 167 152 144 109 47
Q. Lively Italian dance	180 48 77 95 116 103 17 150 156 71
R. Fictitious addition as to a factual statement	68 108 12 97 127 154 185 162 2 115 132 53 83
S. Island off the S.E coast of the Soviet Union in Asia (var. sp.)	66 79 50 70 149 16 112 3 183

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 N	2 R	3 S	4 O		5 A	6 B	7 G	8 I	9 K	10 M	11 O		12 R	13 O	14 K	15 F	16 S
17 Q	18 A		19 J	20 C	21 E		22 G		23 J	24 L	25 A	26 C	27 D		28 F	29 G	
30 K	31 M	32 B		33 E	34 H	35 K	36 D	37 J		38 D	39 A	40 B		41 A	42 E	43 F	44 M
45 N	46 O		47 P	48 Q	49 A	50 S	51 N	—	52 O	53 R		54 C	55 D		56 G	57 J	58 M
59 B		60 A	61 E		62 F	63 G	64 I		65 J	66 S	67 M	68 R	69 O		70 S	71 Q	72 O
	73 D	74 H		75 M	76 K	77 Q	78 E		79 S	80 B	81 O	82 I	83 R		84 C	85 D	86 K
87 M	88 E	89 G	90 J	91 I	92 L		93 B	94 E		95 Q	96 K	97 R		98 B	99 F	100 N	101 D
	102 A	103 Q	104 M	105 E	106 H	107 O	108 R		109 P	110 C		111 D	112 S	113 B	114 K		115 R
116 Q	117 H	118 N		119 F	120 I	121 H		122 G		123 M	124 I	125 A	126 N	127 R	128 E		129 G
130 M	131 B	132 R		133 C	134 D	135 E	136 P	137 G	138 F	139 H	140 J	141 I	142 A	143 M		144 P	145 N
146 K		147 J	148 O		149 S		150 Q	151 N	152 P	153 E	154 R	155 C		156 Q	157 L	158 J	159 M
	160 J	161 B		162 R	163 J	164 P	165 M		166 H	167 P	168 N		169 M	170 D		171 H	172 A
173 L	174 E		175 C	176 K	177 I	178 L	179 J		180 Q	181 L	182 F	183 S	184 G		185 R	186 O	

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 75 of this issue.

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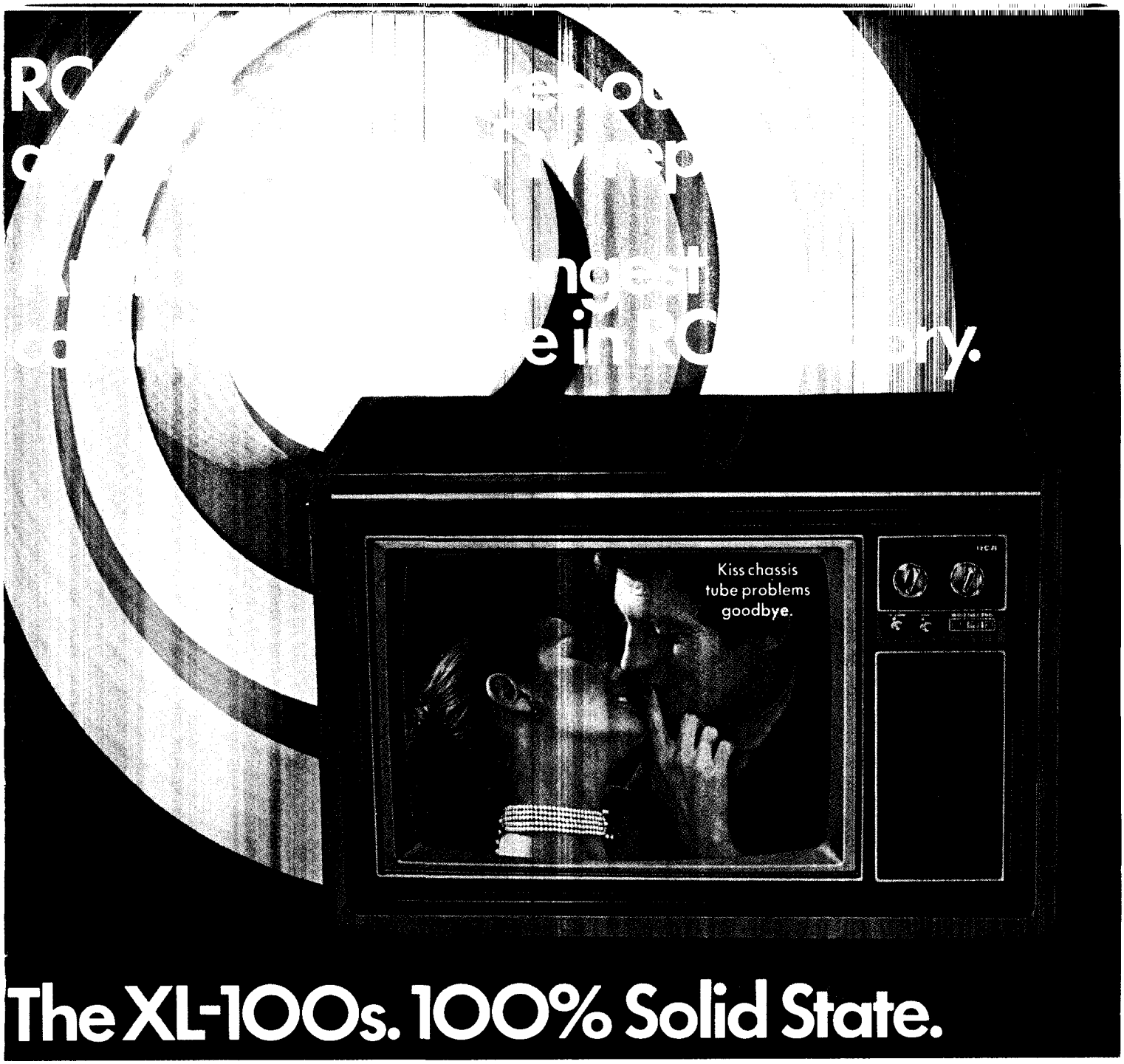
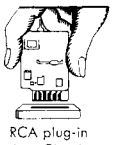


The XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royalton" (25" diagonal). Simulated tv reception.

Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.


RCA plug-in AccuCircuit.

Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state. Most set functions are controlled by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. All backed with . . .

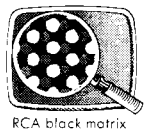
A stronger guarantee because . . .

1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.

2. You choose any serviceman you want. Most other warranties limit you to an authorized list.

3. RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

100% brighter picture.


RCA black matrix picture tube.

XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

Simple automatic tuning.

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference . . . and keep it that way.

Your XL-100 guarantee.

Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set has a 19" diagonal screen, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

Color you can count on.

RCA XL-100 100 SOLID STATE

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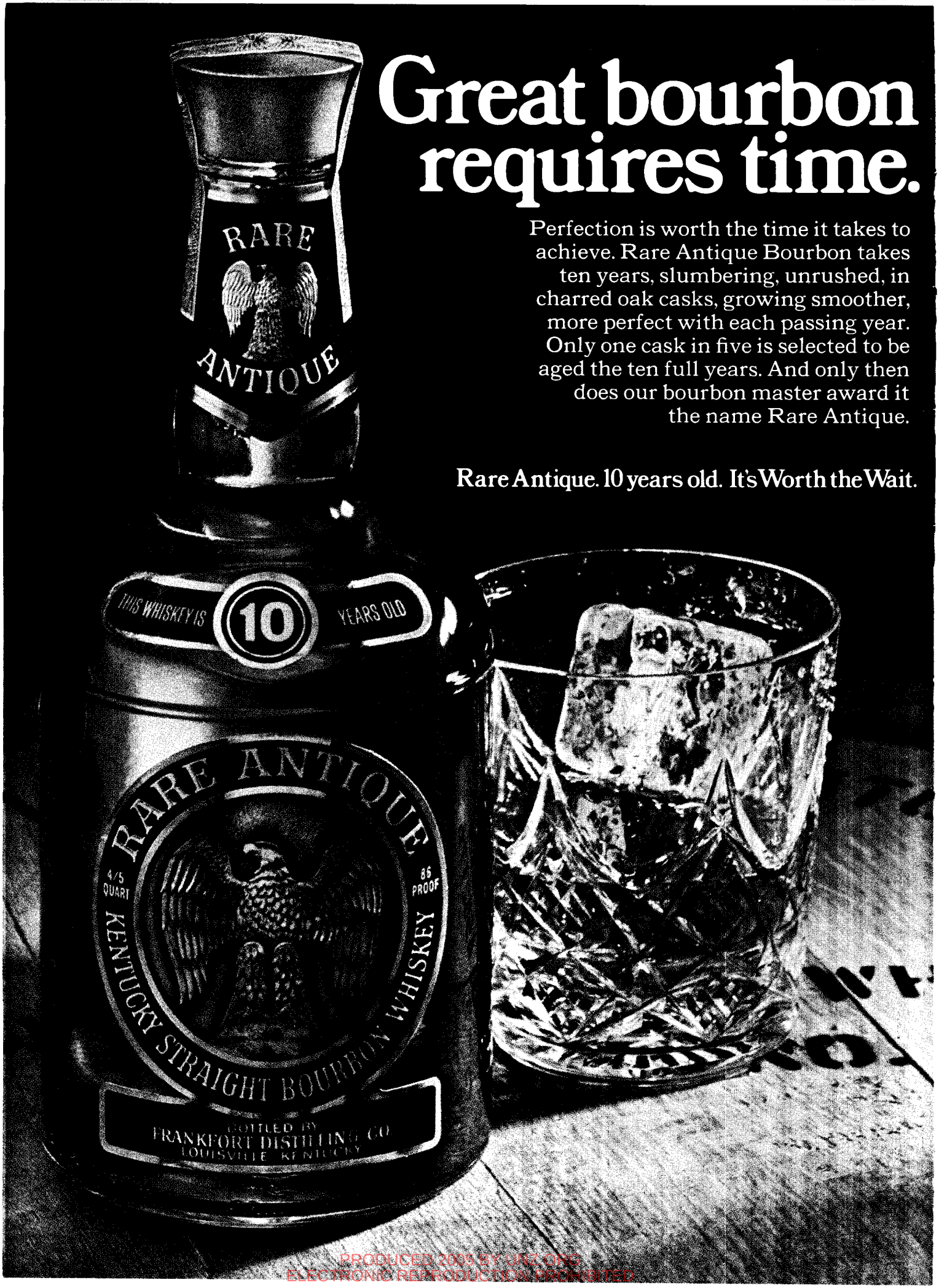

Great bourbon requires time.

Perfection is worth the time it takes to achieve. Rare Antique Bourbon takes ten years, slumbering, unrushed, in charred oak casks, growing smoother, more perfect with each passing year. Only one cask in five is selected to be aged the ten full years. And only then does our bourbon master award it the name Rare Antique.

Rare Antique. 10 years old. It's Worth the Wait.

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